

THE NEED OF SUPERNATURAL RELIGION

THE magnitude of the evil which this war has brought upon us has once more directed attention to the question of the Providence of God. The difficulty of reconciling such evil with the action of an all-wise and beneficent Creator is all the greater for those minds which judge His principal object to be the physical welfare of our earthly life. It is, however, about a good of a higher order, and a movement in the direction of it, that His wisdom is chiefly concerned; and we must not be surprised if all that falls outside that movement (and for that we must suppose somewhere the action of a perverted free will) should involve itself in a maze of what we call physical evil. Hence the appropriateness, in such an environment, of such virtues as submission, patience, humility, repentance, etc., by means of which these physical ills may be transformed and raised to the level of the moral and even of the supernatural good.

Thus do we, too, in proportion as we apply ourselves to the attainment of a worthy object, allow the perpetration of many and grave evils of a lower order than that of the object we seek to attain. Morality, whatever the utilitarians may say, has an independent value of its own, and is something better and worthier than our physical well-being. In the performance of a moral act we may allow a great deal of physical evil to take place. The act itself may be difficult, involving much physical suffering, though, in so far as it is connected with, or forms part of, the act that is directed to a higher end, it comes to share in the nobility of that end. Thus the conscience of mankind has no difficulty in justifying the untold evils that the soldier endures that the higher moral end that he has before him may be attained.

If then our supernatural life is the one object of paramount importance which God has in view, it is intelligible that He should allow physical evil, even on the astounding scale that the world witnesses to-day, as something, in comparison, trivial and insignificant.

And yet, strange as it may seem, the theory, which alone is adequate as an explanation of human existence in the con-

crete, that by the use of supernatural means man may attain to a supernatural end, meets, on the whole, with but scant sympathy, while those who practise it, and still more those who teach it, not unfrequently are opposed by a good deal of open hostility in consequence. It is not merely that the upholder of "Naturalism"¹ looks upon supernatural religion as false, but often enough he regards it as mischievous and injurious to humanity. It is not merely that a William James can find in Blessed Margaret Mary a "poor creature," who has done no good in the world, but a Nietzsche can look upon saints, generally, as a race of "slaves," whom it is for the supermen to dominate. To the typical anti-clerical, that is, to the anti-supernaturalist, the man who is a practical Catholic is one who must be carefully watched. He must not hold the highest positions in the services. Schools in which such as he have been trained must be ruthlessly closed, and the teachers driven out of the country, lest this deadly leaven of supernaturalism be permitted to work its pernicious influence, to the detriment of the true interests of the community. There is, it is true, a type of Christianity to which all this hostility would not be shown, but it is one from which every supernatural element has been eliminated. At the present day there are many who have been brought up as practical Christians to whom revealed truths no longer make any appeal. The functions of the Church they regard as confined to baptizing, marrying and burying, being indifferent to the fact that such a view is almost tantamount to a virtual repudiation of the supernatural life of a Christian.

It is because such Christians, in consequence of a number of influences, have for some time past been losing their hold of supernatural principles that there has ensued a manifest decline in religion; and with this decline there has come to be felt the need of an ideal to inspire and to guide. Some have thought that they had discovered it in culture under one or other of the various forms that it assumes as interpreted by different writers. Professor Alfred Sidgwick has reminded

¹ Mr. Balfour contrasts the position which he takes up in his *Foundations of Belief* with a system "which under many names numbers a formidable following, and is in reality the only system which ultimately profits by any defeats which Theology may sustain, or which may be counted on to flood the spaces from which the tide of Religion has receded. Agnosticism, Positivism, Empiricism have all been used more or less correctly to describe this scheme of thought; though in the following pages, for reasons which it is not necessary to trouble the reader, the term which I shall commonly employ is Naturalism." [*Foundations of Belief*, p. 7.] It is in that sense that the term is employed in this article.

us of "the dispute that raged years ago between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Arnold about 'culture,' Mr. Harrison complaining, in effect, that Mr. Arnold had idealized the notion out of all resemblance to the actual facts of the world, and Mr. Arnold complaining that Mr. Harrison's notion of it was little more than an ignorant caricature."¹

For Arnold culture was an "inward spiritual activity," to be exercised chiefly, if not entirely, in the realm of literature. It was "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit."² Professor Sidgwick, however, held that Arnold's culture is more than literature, as literature, can perform. The result, he argued, can only be maintained by philosophy, "whose special function it is to mediate between art and letters on the one side and positive sciences on the other." But it is significant that both these writers agreed in their uncompromising antagonism to supernatural religion, and would fain have found in culture, as each interpreted it, an adequate substitute.

It is not that culture is fundamentally wrong or an evil in itself. If only it were under the tutelage of supernatural religion, or even of morality, provided that morality were intrinsically able to look after itself in the concrete circumstances of the present world, we should have nothing but praise for it as an expression of æsthetic, and, apart from natural religion, the summit and perfection of the natural life. But it is in the Catholic Church that its finest products have been yielded, whether we consider the beauty of our Lord's life and that of the saints, the art of the ages of Faith, the Catholic atmosphere of a typical Catholic home as described by such novelists as Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, or quite another personality, Mrs. Humphry Ward, the attractiveness of the Catholic people of Ireland as contrasted with the ugly characteristics of the typical Northern Protestant, a difference which, according to a writer who is not likely to be accused of prejudice in favour of the Catholic Church, is one of religion.³

But we must go back to Goethe if we are to trace to its source the movement which would substitute culture for supernatural religion. Carlyle, in one of his essays, after

¹ *Distinction and the Criticism of Beliefs*. By A. Sidgwick, p. 46.

² *Literature and Dogma*, Pref. p. xiii.

³ See *The Lady Next-Door*. By Harold Begbie.

adverting to the fact that the Germans were struggling earnestly for eminence in literature, "and not always unsuccessfully," adds that to a great extent, in all this, Goethe had been their inspiration. "The history of his mind is, in fact, the history of German culture of his day."¹ "To make life harmonious," and "existence satisfactory," he set up culture as an ideal. But this culture (*Bildung*), which is the burden of the argument of *Wilhelm Meister*, is not the *Kultur* of the present time, which is found to be consistent with the ravaging of Belgium and the burning of Louvain, though it is based on principles that are equally naturalistic. Sir John Seeley tells us that it was when Goethe was in Italy that he wrote: "Here is preached to us the culture-gospel, of which the principal maxim is *gedenke zu leben*—study to live, instead of *memento mori*—study to die."² It was then that "a complete regeneration" of his life took place. It was the "sight of Greek sculpture" which "transformed his whole manner of regarding human life, and therefore his morality and his religion."³ And if he came to regard the life of self-denial as "unhealthy even from a moral point of view,"⁴ he did not hesitate to put his principles into practice. He had had a dozen, if not a score of loves, when, as a middle-aged man, he met the young Christiana Vulpius, whom he took to his house to become the mother of his children. It was only when he was an old man that he thought it worth while to marry her. Perhaps then it is not surprising that he should have called himself a "pagan," and should have been proud of the name. Heine describes himself as "the great heathen No. 2," but it was Goethe who was "the great heathen No. 1."⁵

If it is true, as Sir John Seeley affirms, that "scarcely has any man been to any nation all that Goethe has been to Germany," it is no less true that his influence has reached far beyond her frontiers; and Sir John Seeley himself is among those who, in this country, have been content to learn culture from him. This devoted disciple has given us his estimate of the character and ideals of his master. That they were frankly pagan it is admitted, since he regarded "God and

¹ *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* (Chapman and Hall), Vol. I., Goethe, p. 153.

² *Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years*, p. 69.

³ *Ibid.* p. 81.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 115.

⁵ *Memoirs*. Translated by Gilbert Cannan, Vol. II., p. 221.

Nature as convertible terms."¹ He found fault with the whole system of Christianity, because, instead of inculcating the gratification of desire, it is bent on mortifying it. Supernatural religion above all things did he loathe, as being something altogether unworthy of a man, and quite incompatible with those naturalistic ideals that he loved and for which he lived. The gospel of abstention or renunciation he pronounced to be blasphemous. "The very thought of pictures of the crucifixion or of martyrdoms infuriates him; he pronounces them to be odious and profane."² And so he would substitute for supernatural religion that culture which Sir John Seeley affirms to be "the substance of religion."

And it is in the growth of the doctrine and theory of culture in the modern world rather than in any sign of reviving activity in religious bodies that we see the true revival of religion and the true antidote to secularity.³

If that is all that religion means, or if, as in Matthew Arnold's estimate, it is merely "morality touched with emotion," it is not difficult to succeed in the attempt made by Schleiermacher in his *Addresses on Religion to the Cultured among those who Disdain it*, in which he sought to define religion in terms of culture.

But it was with a religion so transformed with philosophic thinking, so enriched with cultural elements, and so boldly disengaged from the obstructions of dogma that his claim was no longer difficult from the side of culture to admit, when he declared religion to be the central power which can alone give organic unity and harmony to all the complex activities of man. To feel in all life the indwelling infinity, to consecrate every moment with the light of eternity, this was for him the secret which gives totality to life. It at least dissolved, for his generation, the barren antagonism of reason and the supernatural.⁴

To-day we see how wide of the mark is Dr. Herford's assertion that Schleiermacher achieved his purpose of laying "the foundations of a deeper than doctrinal unity in religion and in the church."

Culture, then, divorced from religion, has had its chance.

¹ *Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years*, p. 111.

² *Ibid.* p. 149.

³ *Natural Religion*, p. 168.

⁴ *Germany in the Nineteenth Century: The Intellectual and Literary History.*
By C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

It has survived, though, at least among one class of its exponents, it has entered on a different phase, which in these days is attracting a considerable amount of attention. It is no longer that "quiet sort of culture" to which Goethe found Lutheranism to be hostile. To-day it is as noisy, as blustering, as self-assertive and as egoistic as might have satisfied a Nietzsche. It still remains the implacable foe of supernatural religion, and separable from, if not inconsistent with, a high moral standard. Its character may be inferred from the definition given of it by Professor Lasson, who has described it as "moral value estimated in terms of force";¹ and the state of Belgium at the present day shows how this meaning is to be interpreted in the concrete. It is on the ground that militarism forms such an important element of "Kultur" that the brutal savagery of which their soldiers have been guilty is justified by many Germans. Professor Wermer Sombart, the author of *Händler und Helden* (Traders and Heroes) says that *we* may call it barbarism, but it is "German military culture." How jealous his militarist fellow-countrymen are of the esteem in which they would have it to be held poor Frère Duperriex learnt when he was condemned to be shot, because in a private diary he had referred to the burning of Louvain as an example of "German culture."²

In the definition of *Kulturgeschichte* given in one of the dictionaries there is included "the history of religious creeds and superstitions," and the fact may lead one to wonder what can be the attitude of German Catholics towards "Kultur." It would seem that, while not condemning it in itself, they admit that certain undesirable elements have been imported into it, the inclusion of which sets up an ideal of "Kultur" which they say is spurious, un-German, and to be reprobated. As such it was denounced by the Catholic Hierarchy, in their joint-pastoral read in the churches of Germany on January 10, 1915, in which they comment on the worthlessness of "the modern, anti-Christian, irreligious (mind) culture." "But into our own country, too," they continue, "this culture has already penetrated considerably—an over-culture, un-Christian, un-German and unsound in its whole being, with its external varnish and its internal rottenness, with its coarse pursuit of wealth and pleasure, with its no less arrogant than

¹ *Das Kultur Ideal und der Krieg*, and quoted by M. Saintyves, *Les Responsabilités de l'Allemagne dans la Guerre de 1914*.

² THE MONTH, June 1915, p. 612.

ridiculous supermen, with its dishonourable imitation of a foreign, infected literature and art, and even in the most shameful extravagances in the fashions of women."

Assuredly German Catholics have good reason to regard the term "Kultur" with a certain amount of misgiving; for they certainly have not forgotten the "Kulturkampf" of forty years ago. To-day the "culture fight" is being waged, not for the purpose of maintaining the exclusively Protestant character of the State, but of setting up an ideal, remote from all divine sanctions, and bearing upon it, in its concrete interpretation, the distinct marks of paganism. "Protestantism in Germany," we are told, "has been in a state of decadence and collapse for many years past."¹ It was inevitable that Luther's principle of Private Judgment would sooner or later lead to Free-Thought, and thus to the substitution of naturalistic ideals for the supernatural religion of Christianity. Describing the process which has taken place in the development of modern German thinking, "A Prussian" writes:

The pride of life and of intellect have overthrown the supernatural and have substituted for it a pseudo-Christianity, from which everything pointing to a spiritual world-order and to the reasonableness and necessity of transcendental ideals and responsibilities has been eliminated, and in which only that which is acceptable to the "enlightened" modern understanding has been retained.²

At the same time we have no right to assume that German Catholics, at least, are more likely to lose sight of Catholic ideals than are we ourselves. As we have seen, their Bishops have been most vehement in their denunciation of the attempt to substitute in the Fatherland the pagan ideal of culture for supernatural religion. It is the religion founded by Luther, which, for all its Evangelicalism, has failed to preserve the supernatural character of Christianity, and, in consequence, has been reduced to an attempt at "perfecting the doctrine of Nature-philosophy," on which, as Heine long ago pointed out, Prussia has been engaged since the time of Hegel.

It is remarkable how the "Nature-philosophers" become disillusioned regarding their ideals as they advance in years,

¹ *Why Germany will be Defeated*. By "A Prussian," p. 19. See also Bishop Bury's article "Is anything wrong with German Protestantism?" *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1916.

² *Ibid.* p. 24.

or meet with disappointment. By the time when Goethe, as an old man, wrote the last part of *Faust*, his message has become such as might have contented even a Tolstoy. "Faust, now in his extreme old age, devotes himself to a life of practical beneficent energy. He obtains from the Emperor a grant of a large piece of sea-coast, which it becomes his pride to convert into a seat of prosperous cultivation and of happy busy life for multitudes of men."¹ But this is not the phase of Faust's career that is best remembered as portraying the ideals of Goethe. It is Faust the seducer over whose career so much glamour is thrown. That he should descend to the level of an ordinary husbandman, with the commonplace ideals before him of a moralist, Goethe in his younger days would have regarded as bathos.

There is reason to believe that Goethe's disciple, too, Sir John Seeley, came to be similarly disillusioned; for it is difficult to believe that when he began his *Natural Religion*, in which he sought to prove the futility of the supernatural, he could have been prepared for the admission which on the last pages of his work he felt compelled to make. There he suggests that a "supernatural religion supplementary of natural religion may be precious and even indispensable since it is founded on the fact that there is a world beyond what our science reveals to us."² About his own thesis he has become somewhat pessimistic.

Life becomes intolerable the more we know and discover, so long as everything widens and deepens except our own duration and that remains as pitiful as ever. The affections die away in a world where everything great and enduring is cold; they die of their own conscious feebleness and bootlessness.³

So, too, with regard to the most extreme of all the "Nature-philosophers," Nietzsche, who thought that

the artistic creation which culminates in the Apollinian and Dionysian visions is the only means of emancipating us from suffering, and consequently from pessimism. We take refuge from suffering in art and beauty. But even as life is thus rendered beautiful as a supreme creation of art, so does the creation of art require suffering as a primordial factor. The only means of ourselves escaping from pessimism and suffering is, thus, the

¹ *Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years*, p. 143.

² *Natural Religion*, p. 304.

³ *Ibid.* 304—305.

infliction of suffering on others, for art cannot exist without its antithesis.¹

Nietzsche, at least, understood the development of Goethe's *Bildung* into modern *Kultur*. But the day came when, instead of inflicting pain upon others, he had himself to suffer. And how does he play the superman under the circumstances? How does he compare with those who had been disciplined in the school of supernatural religion—the "slaves," whom he held in such unutterable contempt? He now imagines that he is not appreciated at his true worth; and he feels this neglect intensely. To escape from his thoughts and depression he betakes himself to his work, as many a one, without the ideal of the superman to support or inspire him, had done before, and has done since.

Though Heine has passed some stringent criticisms upon the attitude of the Nature-philosophers towards the problem of existence, there is much in his life and teaching that may justify his inclusion among their number. But no one of them has given such explicit testimony to this disillusionment as he, when he came to lie on a sick-bed. He remembers how in days gone by he had been hailed "the finest German since Goethe"; but now he exclaims: "I am no longer a joyous Hellene, sound in body, gaily smiling down on the melancholy Nazarenes. I am now only a poor sick Jew, an etching of sorrow, an unhappy man."² He now burns the poems "which contained only the barest aspersion upon the good God Himself"; for

it is better that the verses should burn than the versifier. Yes, I have made my peace with the creation and the Creator, to the great distress of my enlightened friends, who reproached me with this backsliding into the old superstitions, as they preferred to call my return to God. I was overcome by divine home-sickness, and was driven by it through woods and valleys, over the most dizzy mountain-paths of dialectics. On my way I found the god of the Pantheists, but I had no use for him, because he is not really a god, for the Pantheists are only the Atheists ashamed, who are less afraid of the thing which it casts on the wall—its name.³

And in his will he confesses: "For the last four years I have

¹ *The Philosophy of Frederick Nietzsche*. By S. Chatterton-Hill, p. 62.

² *Memoirs*. Translated by Gilbert Cannan, Vol. II., p. 221.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 227, 228.

renounced all pride in philosophy and returned to religious ideas and feelings. I die in faith in one God, the eternal Creator of the world, whose pity I beseech for my immortal soul."¹

But if "the thinnest soup of Christian Charity must be more life-giving for famishing humanity than the grey mess of cobwebs of Hegelian dialectics,"² Christianity itself has a claim upon the lives of these Nature-philosophers, long before they attain to old-age and lie disillusioned upon their death-beds. Utterly inadequate as an inspiration of life is that naturalistic culture, of whatever type, which, even in the case of its most accomplished exponents, when unconsecrated by higher motives, is seen to drag human nature down to the level of animality.

Untold harm has been done by Nature-philosophers, who have spread their doctrines far and wide, only in the end to realize the harm they have done, when it has become irremediable, and when all that they can do is to offer to the God whom they have outraged a belated confession of their error, and perhaps the remains of a decrepit old age. Unfortunately many of their more unsophisticated disciples do not learn wisdom in the end. Even if they have not found contentment with their new Paganism their wholly materialistic outlook debars them from knowledge of anything higher. They are ultimately disillusioned, and learn nothing from disillusion but despair.

Here in England there is much taking place at the present time which is calculated to show up the principles of "Naturalism," essentially selfish and individualistic as they are. It is difficult, for instance, to find for patriotism, patriotism which may call for life-sacrifice, any support in this Godless creed. And there is much reason, now, to doubt the value of the education received in the Council Schools, so favoured by a short-sighted Governmental policy. From the religious teaching that is given in those schools, precisely because they are undenominational, almost every element of the supernatural has been eliminated. And every day it becomes clearer that much more than "simple Bible reading" must be taught to the children if the country is to remain Christian. And if it be said, as it ought to be said, that the aristocracy and the upper classes have responded as gener-

¹ *Ibid.* p. 241.

² *Ibid.* p. 251.

ously as any to their country's call, let it also be remembered that there is much more of supernatural religion taught and inculcated in the private and great public schools than in the country's primary schools. It may be admitted that there are many fighting at the Front who are not consciously actuated by supernatural motives, who, it may be, find it sweet and seemly to die for country in the Pagan sense. What is here contended is that, if the appeal for National Service is made to rest on natural motives alone, many will remain unaffected. "What has my country *done* for me?" is the query of the merely "natural" man, and unless, as is too often not the case, it can be shown that his life has been nobler and happier on account of his citizenship, he will not readily respond. To those who recognize God's purpose in the constitution of States and the supernatural basis of civic duty, the appeal is independent of personal circumstances. Thus, there is no organized Catholic opinion against obligatory service. The bodies that oppose it in the name of liberty are purely naturalistic in their attitude, and although Catholicism is zealous for civil freedom and suspicious of militarism, that is because it insists upon the moral duty of service quite apart from State-compulsion.

There are innumerable incidents that have taken place during this war which have won general admiration, yet are proved to be not inconsistent with, even if they are not the fruit of, supernatural religion. It has not been suggested that Sergt. O'Leary, Private Dwyer, Drummer Kenny, Lieut. Rochfort, Capt. O'Sullivan, Sergt. Somers, Corpl. Cosgrove, Private Keneally, Capt. Liddell, Corpl. Angus, and at least seven or eight others, in performing such deeds of valour as won for them the distinction of the Victoria Cross, were doing violence to their supernatural principles; nor are their numbers so few (and probably there are more to be added), as to suggest that the adherents of supernatural religion are poor, sickly, cowardly creatures, wanting in devotion to the interests of their country. Even unbelievers and those who have been wont to scoff at such things as medals, rosaries, badges, etc., have now come to see in them something different from the objects of superstition that they had regarded with contempt. Writers innumerable have described the extraordinary spectacle, seen long ago in a church in Ladysmith during the Boer War, and described by Stevens, of the crucifix which alone remained intact in a building battered by shot and

shell; while those who see in it something miraculous are not necessarily regarded as particularly foolish. The many pathetic pictures of priests saying Mass at the Front, surrounded by kneeling soldiers, are reproduced in illustrated papers and magazines, apparently for the purpose of inspiring respect, if not of promoting edification. It is not likely that anyone in these days thinks the worse of the Irish Guards from seeing them represented on their knees with heads bowed in prayer before the charge that was to send many of them to death.

The difference then between the "Naturalist" and the man whose life is guided by supernatural principles is not that between the brave and the coward, the patriot and the mean-spirited; and this war is helping to dispel the foolish delusion. The practising Catholic has been proved to be as devoted to his country as the most irreligious anticlerical. But he must have a worthy cause in which to fight, and one which, if not immediately dictated by, can at least be brought into line with, his purpose of life. That the soldiers in innumerable cases have succeeded in supernaturalizing their lives at the Front is proved by the letters and narratives written from the battle-field describing the return of many to the practice of the faith, their attendance at Mass, and at the Sacraments, their edifying deaths; while the spirit of devotion and holiness of the conduct of many out there in the trenches more than one chaplain who has heard their confessions has testified. How important it is that the supernatural element should enter into the motive and life of our soldiers fighting for their country may be inferred from Cardinal Billot's reminder, that though "the death on the battle-field in defence of our country is beautiful, and God's mercy will be great with such souls," yet "the assertion that the mere fact of the consciousness that we die for the just cause of our country is sufficient to secure our eternal salvation" is "a false idea."

The lesson of the all-importance of supernatural religion is the great need of the world at the present day, and perhaps such a war as this was necessary in order to inculcate it. So far from the outbreak proving the bankruptcy of Christianity, it proves the bankruptcy of "Naturalism." Less of ambition, less of cupidity, less of individual and national selfishness, more of meekness, of consideration for the rights and interests of others, more, in other words, of Christianity on the part of those who so calmly contemplated war as an

instrument of policy, would have made their projects unthinkable. And if it be said that a religion of natural morality was equally calculated to prevent it, the answer is, that morality itself needs the powerful support of supernatural sanction. It is one of the evidences of the imperfection of the world in which we live that it is possible for those who would fain act on supernatural principles and be guided by reason and law, to be dragged down by the evil-doing of others to the level at which they must use the barbarous methods of physical force to defend their ideals. But even such methods can be controlled and mitigated by spiritual aims. The fighting Christian is not a barbarian. His object is to overcome not merely the serried ranks of his fellows opposed to him, but also the evil principles that bring about such fratricidal conflict.

But will the world learn its lesson even now? The answer to that question depends on another. Will the world accept that system revealed to us by the King of Peace as the highest rule and guide of life for the peoples of all time?

JOHN ASHTON.

NEW DAYS

THE promise of the beautiful new days! . . .
 What is its value? What must each day mean?
 God grant we help to make His glory seen,
 And work His Will, restore our ruined ways.
 Let us prepare, ensure the future blaze,
 Make definite oblations, keep them clean;
 And the great Wind, as ardent as serene,
 Shall fan to act our smouldering delays.

A wealth of courage during times of need!
 A love, made strong by hope, filling our lives,
 Robbing the weight from burdens cumbersome!
 Brothers, immortal Beauty waits our heed.
 Open your eyes, behold what grace contrives;
 Run out to meet the days that are to come.

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

IN TEMPORE BELLII

MONSIEUR JACQUES BONAUD was a person of enlightenment. Long ago, in the ripe wisdom of his youth, he had cast aside superstition. He knew what to think about priests and creeds, *ma foi*, yes. *He* enter the doors of a church if he could help it? No, no. He had seen through all that, had examined it before and behind, and from all sides, and had made up his mind. Once upon a time, he had turned over the leaves of an odd volume of Voltaire, and ever after he retained a delightful impression of sceptical certainty, derived therefrom. It had given verve to his rendering of *à bas les prêtres*, for that had been the favourite cry when Monsieur Bonaud was a young man. To give it forth lustily was an infallible sign of intellectual force, and the simplest way to prove yourself a person of erudition and enlightenment. Besides, it announced you as a man with force of character, not under the control of your womenkind.

And Monsieur Bonaud stuck to it. For his part he liked consistency, and believed in a man's knowing his own mind. All the same, there had, at intervals, been certain lapses in his career of mental freedom, unavoidable lapses, due, not to any weakening of his own mental fibre, but to the presence around him of weaker brethren—and sisters. Especially sisters. His mother now. His baptism was an affair for which Monsieur Bonaud disclaimed all responsibility, and really his Catechism learning and first Communion came into the same category. But when his father died his mother brought pressure to bear that ended in his countenancing the mummeries of an orthodox funeral. When she died herself it was no better. Her influence was indirect now, but even more powerful. Again Monsieur Bonaud lapsed.

When he married, rather late in life, difficulties cropped up again. Madame Bonaud was *vraie femme*, and sadly superstitious. Not that Monsieur exactly regretted that. A woman's credulity was a necessary part of the scheme of things, and useful, if only to bring out by force of contrast all the glories of her husband's enlightened attitude. But there had been a regrettable difference of opinion about the marriage ceremony. Monsieur Bonaud's heart was set on the

Mairie only, his *fiancée* was determined to go to church, and in the end she got the best of it. Monsieur, looking as little foolish as he might, stood beside her at the altar.

When his son was born the whole question came up again for discussion. It was a brisk engagement, and ended in the triumph of Madame Bonaud, and the total rout of Monsieur. Indeed, he retired, thenceforward, from all share in his son's mental education. But he could, and did, ignore the baptismal ceremony, and the later occasion when little Jules was seen in white brassard and shining morning face. Monsieur pretended not to know what was going forward, nor why his wife shed joyful tears, and a variety of rarely seen aunts and cousins came to *déjeuner* in state.

When Madame Bonaud died there was a final crisis. The widower wished to decline all connexion with the ceremonies, but in the end gave way, and made what he solemnly declared to be a final act of occasional conformity. That, once and for all, was an end of it.

Thenceforward, his life was more tranquil. His son was, on the whole, the pride and joy of his heart, though there was no inoculating him again superstition. He had been too long in his mother's hands perhaps. The rising generation was disappointing anyhow, Monsieur decided; white-livered fellows, with no spirit, no intellectual force. Why young Jules played the saint; had nothing to say against Monsieur le Curé, even served Mass for him sometimes, went to his duties at regular intervals, read sentimental stuff by Huysmans, disparaged Voltaire, and fell behind his father's contemporaries in every way.

When the year 1914 began, Mons. Bonaud, an old man now, was hale and hearty, active in body and clear in mind, as little likely, he would have said (had it ever entered his mind to open so decisively-settled a question), to relapse into superstition, as at any other time of his life.

And life went very pleasantly with him. Of course one regretted the loss of Madame Bonaud. But there are certain consolations too, stored in the benevolent heart of Nature, for a widower who mourns a *dévoté* and slightly peevish spouse. Jules, in spite of everything, was the best and most considerate of sons. Monsieur's worldly affairs prospered. All went well.

Then suddenly, out of an apparently clear sky, fell the thunderbolt—war. It came in harvest-time, when the sun

shone and the winds blew softly, and the whole aspect of things changed with its coming.

For the first time in his life, Monsieur Bonaud was confronted with a *desolating* trouble, which he could neither combat nor avoid. It had him by the throat.

The mobilization began, and Jules must go with the rest. In the bottom of his heart Monsieur had been a little, ever so little, afraid that Jules, with his effeminate *penchant* for religious observances, might lack spirit when it came to fighting. But, *Dieu merci* (it was inconsistent of Monsieur to say that, but one must preserve the features of conversational form somehow), the boy was eager enough. Monsieur moved heaven and earth for permission to go too, in any kind of capacity, but the doctors shook their heads, and consigned him to inactivity.

All the circumstances of Jules' going were strange and painful to his father. Monsieur had hardly realized before how the generation had gone past and away from him. There were the last days, when so many of the lads who were on the way to the Front went to Confession and Communion. His Jules was amongst them, and Monsieur Bonaud was left with the dreary feeling of being an outsider. And then the farewell. He walked to the station with Jules, and there also was Monsieur le Curé, seeing the last of his boys. Jules' last words to Monsieur le Curé were:

"You will pray for us, *mon Père*?"

"Day and night, my son," said Monsieur le Curé, winking away a tear.

A pang of jealousy went through the heart of Monsieur Bonaud. Instead of pursuing his son with blessings in correct paternal style, he was muttering *Sacré* behind his bushy white moustache, as the train slipped away from the platform. It was a bitter pill to swallow. So Monsieur le Curé there flattered himself that he was really going to do something for the men at the Front. He expected to be of use to them, they looked to him for help. A curse on all superstitious folly!

Monsieur had read some of Shakespeare in his youth, but it is doubtful if he could have recalled the lines that precisely described his frame of mind.

'Tis pity

That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends.

The futility of good wishes lay cold at the heart of Monsieur Bonaud that day, and in the days that followed. It was maddening to contemplate Monsieur le Curé, who was so presumptuous as to suppose that he knew a spell to give his good wishes substance, and to make them somehow efficient. It aggravated Monsieur even to think of it.

In the weary time that followed, Monsieur le Curé was a good deal before one's eyes. He was for ever passing by, going to or from the church, or on his sick calls, just when one was sitting outside the *café*, reading the newspapers, holding them with hands that shook annoyingly, and peering at them with eyes that made a mist on one's glasses in an unaccountable way. Monsieur le Curé was serving several neighbouring parishes, whose priests were with the colours, and working so hard, that he, who had never been very fat, got visibly thinner day by day. The devout women of his congregation sent dainties to the *presbytère* to try and build him up, but they seemed of little use. The good things generally found their way to the sick, and Monsieur le Curé was none the fatter. As the days of anxiety went on Monsieur Bonaud's round face grew more and more haggard too. They were almost the only two men left in the village, and a kind of acquaintance sprang up between them. Monsieur le Curé had been accustomed to look with a suspicious eye on this Bonaud, the notorious free-thinker, a wolf amongst the flock. Now in these war days they were two Frenchmen, and one had a son at the Front. Their intercourse was confined to a brief exchange of news in passing, but Monsieur le Curé began to count upon hearing a little *résumé* of the journals as he came from Mass, hours before he had time to sit down and read for himself.

But what there was to tell grew steadily more and more depressing. Liège gone, Namur gone, the armies in retreat, Paris threatened. The thing seemed unendurable.

Then came Jules' first letter. He had been under fire already, and he, who never, as a rule, dwelt on the observances his father hated to hear of, told very simply how he prepared for the fight. "We were in luck," he wrote, "for our *caporal* is a priest, and very early in the morning, before dawn almost, he gave us General Absolution, and Holy Communion. So we were ready for what might come. One feels a great lightness of heart so. I came through safely. Doubtless Monsieur le Curé did not forget me. Just as we charged,

I remembered it was the morning I would have served Mass for him, and wondered who was doing it. Tell him so. You must keep up heart, *mon père*," and the letter ended with personal items.

Monsieur Bonaud gnashed his teeth as he read. The smouldering jealousy in his soul flamed up. Jules meant the letter to be shown to Monsieur le Curé. Show it to him indeed, and let him see how the boy attributed his safety to Monsieur le Curé's prayers! Never.

Poor Monsieur Bonaud! He suffered at times from torturing doubts whether he loved *la patrie* enough, since he went so near to grudging his son to her service, and besides that, he was beginning to be haunted, as with a nervous obsession, by memories of childhood. Of early summer mornings, for instance, when he had gone to church, hanging by his mother's skirts, and had served the Mass of Monsieur le Curé's predecessor. He recalled the faintly aromatic scent of stale incense that used to hang about the church, and the spell of the murmuring voice, and rhythmic movements, and the twinkling lights that struggled with the early sunshine. The dim memories produced a kind of nostalgia in him. Some long suppressed element in his nature awoke, and cried, and would not be put to silence.

He began to dread the sound of the church bell in the early mornings, for he was wakeful, and always heard the jingle of it, and then the shuffling feet of the women, in their cloth shoes, as they passed under his window on their way to Mass. He began to have an irrepressible craving to get up and follow them. He fancied at times that the strain and suspense, and the hot weather too, was affecting his brain.

And all the time Monsieur le Curé was offering prayers and Masses for the men at the front, fancying himself of service to them, and Monsieur Bonaud was doing nothing, literally nothing. It was enough to drive a man mad.

Monsieur le Curé had no idea of the nature of the struggle that was going on in the mind of the stout, grey-moustached old gentleman, whom he saw sitting at the *café* so often.

It worked itself out by degrees. With the haunting childish memories, came an irresistible impression that these disused habits and thoughts had their place in life, or at least that one was made with a curiously imperative need of them, at times like the present. A feeling that life is altogether

unbearable without God is not exactly faith perhaps, but it is a step towards it for some people. One day, when the news was very depressing, Monsieur suddenly found himself stammering his way through a *Pater Noster*. He made but a poor affair of it, for he had forgotten how the petitions came, and was obliged to go and look it up in an old dust-covered *Paroissien* that had been his wife's. But the first two words had an indescribably soothing influence. He said them again and again to himself, or perhaps one should say to Some One Else. At least he had, at moments, a curiously vivid impression of speaking them to a Hearer.

After that he at least wished to believe. But to take the step of going openly to his religious duties again, *ma foi*, that was another affair. He did not think Anyone could demand that of him. For what would people say if Monsieur Jacques Bonaud was seen waiting at the confessional, or going to Mass? How the balms of the righteous would break his head in such a case. How all the pious old women would enjoy the return of the prodigal. What whispering and pointing there would be. No. There is a proper sense of human dignity that must be discriminated from mere pride, and that one must respect in oneself. Doubtless *le bon Dieu* exacted sacrifices at times, but was he not, as a father, already making the greatest of sacrifices, in willing Jules' danger? Then that other trouble came over him again. There had been no letter from Jules lately. Perhaps already—. Poor Monsieur rubbed his glasses, and wondered again. Was he *willing*? Mere stoicism would not do. It began to seem enormously important that question of Will—the one thing he could do for France—his sacrifice.

A few days later came another letter from Jules—hastily scribbled, to say that his regiment had been suddenly ordered to the lines of communication. "So you may think of me as ingloriously safe, after all, for the present. We are cursing our fate, those that are left of us."

The exceeding thankfulness of Monsieur Bonaud's heart startled his conscience. Had his sacrifice ever been really a willing one? And it was not to be exacted from him it seemed. In this matter he was not to serve France, now, at all events. For the first time there stirred in him a gnawing doubt, whether his pride might not after all be the offering he was asked to make?

Next day, when Monsieur le Curé looked for his first in-

stalment of news, Monsieur Bonaud was nowhere to be seen.

That night, the news was no better. One phrase used by some journalist took possession of Monsieur's mind. "The Uhlans are now watering their horses in the Seine," it ran.

"The Uhlans are watering their horses, watering their horses —," it went over and over again in his brain. When morning came, he had been hearing the trampling hoofs of those horses for hours. He rose early, very early. He would not admit to himself why he did so, but in his heart he knew something must be done to stop those Uhlans' horses. Not even Jules' danger had affected his brain as they did. "In the Seine, in the Seine, watering their horses in the Seine." It was unendurable.

But to go, publicly, into the church. To see the women staring at him, whispering their surprise and wonder. The late Madame Bonaud's sister had given out that she prayed constantly for the conversion of Monsieur. She would think it was all her doing—and Monsieur detested her.

Monsieur Bonaud was out in the street now. "I will not, I cannot," he was saying to himself. Then he remembered the day of the week. It was the very morning Jules used to serve Mass. Monsieur turned the corner of the street. There, rising high above the slated roofs of the town, was the church, and Monsieur le Curé was standing in the deep shadow of the porch. When he saw Monsieur he smiled.

"You are an early riser, Monsieur," he said, courteously. "What would you? One does not sleep late in these days. I was just thinking of your son. He used to serve Mass for me on this morning."

Then, to his own utter astonishment, Monsieur heard himself saying, "If you will permit, Monsieur le Curé, I will take his place. When I was a boy I used . . ." His voice choked and his head went down. He did not see the astonishment and illumination on the kind old face that looked at him.

Monsieur le Curé was too much startled, or perhaps too wise, to speak. But at all events, he was not minded to refuse. That was clear. He bowed his head, and led the way to the sacristy, and Monsieur Bonaud, who had had no intention of hearing Mass a few minutes ago, followed him.

When Monsieur le Curé began his

Introibo ad altare Dei.

Monsieur did not need to look at his book. The long disused words came automatically to his lips.

Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.

And then the struggle was over, and there came a feeling that approached to rapture. He too was aiding at last, doing something for France and for Jules also. He had sacrificed his pride, almost the dearest thing he had. He was clumsy and forgetful, but it was not from want of attention, and Monsieur le Curé was very patient. Monsieur Bonaud hardly realized what was passing, yet he felt, with all the intensity of a quite new discovery, what it is to have Faith. Moreover he had the strangest feeling as if Jules was close by, and must know what he was doing.

When Mass was ended, he crept into a quiet corner, and while Monsieur le Curé made his thanksgiving, Monsieur Bonaud was kneeling, tired out, past thinking or feeling, but with the strangest, restful sensation of not needing to do either now. He was still there, bent over the old worm-eaten *prie-Dieu*, when he heard quickened steps behind him, and looking up he saw Monsieur le Curé, with a crumpled newspaper in his hand, and tears running down his wrinkled face. Monsieur noticed one big, bright tear that was rolling straight down his cheek, when a deep-cleft wrinkle turned it, so that it ran sideways, hopped to the shoulder of his rusty soutane and then hurled itself on to the stone-paved floor. There it was caught by a sunbeam that came through the open sacristy door, and lay glittering like a diamond. Twice Monsieur le Curé tried to speak, and twice his voice broke away, while Monsieur stared stupidly at him. At last the words came.

"They have turned, my friend, they are retreating, the Germans. Paris is saved."

And then the two old men knelt together on the altar steps, before they went out to spread the news.

HELEN GRIERSON.

THE COLOURS AND SPECTRA OF THE STARS

EVEN to the naked eye the lucid stars differ in colour. Thus Sirius the Dog-star is of a very pure white, a lustre which, however, it seems to have acquired within the last 1,200 years, for Ptolemy designates it as "fiery red" (*ὑπόκιρρος*), and Seneca described it as being "redder than Mars." Some stars are of a yellowish tint like Arcturus, some reddish like Aldebaran, Betelgeux, the most brilliant star in the constellation Orion, and Antares. Some again, like Vega and Procyon, are of a steely blue. But it is evident that the appearance to the eye of the colour of any star, is but the summation or integration of a number of coloured radiations which proceed from its surface, and which, blending in different proportions, give the impression of red, or yellow, or white, or blue. The visual colour of a star is also related to its brightness, in so far as the normal human eye is affected more by radiations in the yellow and green, than by those in the red or blue portions of the spectrum. For a spectrum is but a glorified colour scheme of a star's light. If a coarse grating be placed over the object-glass of a telescope, a series of spectral interference images of the star will be seen, on each side of its ordinary unresolved image, which will show which parts of the spectrum are most efficient in giving it its characteristic hue.

While the eye is most sensitive to the apple-green rays, the ordinary photographic plate is more sensitive to the blue and to the violet radiations, in precisely those parts of the spectrum where the eye is least sensitive. For instance, β and γ Crucis, two of the bright stars of the Southern Cross, are visually almost exactly of the same magnitude or degree of brightness, being classed as 1.5 and 1.6 magnitudes respectively. But on an ordinary photographic plate, which is more sensitive to blue and violet rays, γ Crucis is reduced in magnitude much below that of its visual fellow star. This difference between the visual and the photographic apparent magnitude, or brightness of a star, furnishes a means of exactly measuring the colour of a star, for, in place of the eye, an isochromatic plate may be employed, with a suitable coloured

screen, to imitate the receptivity of the eye to coloured radiations. This measure is called the colour-index of a star, and is defined to be the photographic less the visual magnitude. A purely white star like Sirius would have a colour-index equal to zero, that is, there is no difference between its visual and photographic brightness. A yellow star, such, for instance, as α Tauri, would have a colour-index equal to $+0.71$, while a reddish star, like α Herculis, would have a difference in magnitude equal to 1.68 . Different observers have worked at the colour-index of stars with different instruments, and on stars of very different brightness, for the advantage of this method is, that being photographic, stars of very feeble brightness can be reached by it. Among the results obtained by such observers the most complete are those of King at Harvard, Parkhurst at the Yerkes Observatory, and Schwarzschild at Göttingen, and they are in substantially exact agreement.

When a black body, such as a ball of iron, is heated, it first gives out dark and invisible radiations, then glows red, and as the heating is continued, finally reaches a white or blue heat. The most perfect radiators of heat are lamp-blackened substances. Radiation or emission, and absorption, are correlative qualities of a substance, and hence lamp-black being the best absorber, it is also the best radiator. But to call a surface black, when it is radiating not only heat, but also light, is evidently a misnomer, and consequently Professor Poynting suggested the term "a full radiator" for a body which emits every kind of radiation, from the invisible dark rays to those which affect only a photographic plate, including the range of all visible colours. Now when a surface is a full radiator, its temperature can be determined at once, if only the rate with which it is parting with its energy of radiation be measured. For its radiative energy varies as the fourth power of its absolute temperature, that is on a scale of temperature on which the freezing-point of water is 273° , and the boiling-point of normal steam 373° Centigrade. The sensitiveness of the photographic plates used in the investigations concerning the colour-index of stars, can be measured for every sort or species of radiation throughout the gamut of colours. Hence it is possible to calculate the temperature at which a full radiator would emit light of the same colour as that which affects the plates. From this there ensues a simple transition from the colour-index of various

classes of stars to their effective temperature on the absolute scale.

It will be convenient to set forth these results for colour-index and temperature in tabular form. The spectral types and classes are added for convenience. They will be explained subsequently.

COLOUR-INDEX ACCORDING TO

Type	Class	Colour	King.	Parkhurst.	Schwarzschild.	Temperature.
I.	{	B White	-0'17.	-0'21.	-0'20.	14000°.
		A	0'00.	0'00.	0'00.	11000°.
	{	F	+0'30.	0'43.	0'40.	7500°.
II.	{	G Yellow	+0'71.	0'86.	0'84.	5000°.
		K	+1'16.	1'30.	1'35.	4200°.
III.	M	Red	+1'62.	1'68.	1'09.	3100°.

Although there is some uncertainty as to the values of the temperatures given, especially at the top of the scale, there can be no doubt whatever as to their order in the descending scale as indicated. This progression is what we should naturally expect from the sequence of changes of colour as a body is heated from a red to a white heat. According to Fabry, the temperature of the great nebula in Orion is 15,000°, and if the other extended nebulae have a similar temperature, the nebulae would be placed at the head of the series of relative temperatures. From these researches we may reasonably conclude that the colour of a star is conditioned by its effective temperature, if indeed it is not wholly dependent upon this condition.

If the light of a star be analyzed by means of a prism, or a diffraction grating, superposed upon the continuous background of the colour scheme, from red through the successive tints of orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, in which every gradation of colour is represented, there are seen dark images of the narrow slit, through which the light from the star has been admitted, before being sifted by prism or grating. These dark images of the slit, or aperture, admitting the light of the star, are due to absorption of the light by the atmosphere of the star. By their position and character they indicate the chemical elements which constitute and form the substance of the star. Absorption and emission are correlative properties of radiation, and what is true of the totality of radiation, as already pointed out, is also true of this selective absorption of light. An incandescent vapour therefore, in front of a luminous background, can only absorb those

radiations which it can emit, under similar conditions of temperature, pressure, and electrical excitation. It is possible to match the darkened images of the slit in the star by bright images obtained from incandescent vapours and gases in a laboratory, and thus to gain a knowledge of the chemical constituents of the stars. If the radiation from the luminous vapour is more energetic than that from the bright background, the result will appear as a series of bright images of the slit, or lines as they are called, traversing latitudinally the luminous background of the continuous spectrum. Now the general colour of a star, which we have just discussed, depends upon the continuous background of the spectrum. We must proceed to investigate the significance of the line spectra of stars which determine their spectral type or class.

To Father Secchi belongs the credit of having first classified the stars in a spectral series. For the purpose of this classification he observed visually the spectra of no less than 4,000 stars. The four groups into which he divided his observations are as follows: Type I., in which the lines of hydrogen are very marked and predominant, as in Sirius, Vega, Altair, Regulus, and Rigel. To this class was assigned about one half of the stars whose spectra he observed. In Type II. the star spectra are characterized by numerous fine dark lines, as in the case of our own sun, and in Pollux, Arcturus, Aldebaran, and Procyon. In the spectra of stars of Type III. is a system of dark absorption bands besides many dark lines. These bands are sharper on the violet side, and fade away on their sides towards the red end of the spectral band. A characteristic star of this class is α Herculis, and also the star Mira Ceti, which at its phases of greatest luminosity, shows a spectrum of bright hydrogen lines, superposed upon the typical spectrum of the class to which it belongs. A fourth class, Type IV., has also a spectrum of bands, which, unlike those in Type III., are sharper on their red sides, and fade away towards the violet. Many small red stars belong to this class or type, notably some in the constellation Pisces. With regard to Secchi's classification, it must be remarked, that it is not merely a statistical order of enumeration, but is intended to show the development of a star from a less to a more complex stage, or to use the term now in vogue, an order of stellar evolution. Though observations of star spectra have since been obtained by photographic methods, in tens of thousands, notably at Harvard by Professor Pickering

and his assistants, with the Draper memorial spectrograph, and Secchi's Types have been subdivided and added to, yet his essential order has not been set aside, and his Types are related to more modern classifications, as genera to species. The Draper classification of the Harvard College Observatory, is the one at present most employed by astrophysicists. The designations of the classes are by means of a series of letters, B, A, F, G, K, M, N, to which are added a class O, which contains stars having bright bands and lines in their spectra, the so-called "Wolf-Rayet" stars, which are confined to the Milky Way, and a further class P to contain stars with peculiar or exceptional spectra. These two further classes, especially that designated by the letter O, are placed at the head of the series.

In the series B to M there is an obvious continuity in the sequences of the spectral lines, without any jumps, or lacunæ. So gradually does one type of spectrum merge into that of its successor, that further subdivisions can be made between the principal classes, and it is usual to designate such spectra by the class-letters with a numeral appendix, thus B₅ would point to a spectrum half way between the class B to A. There is only one exception to this continuity of spectra, for no intermediate spectra have been observed between the classes M and N. As the N stars, however, are fainter and redder than the M stars, it is probable that they follow them in the order of development, an order which is confirmed, if attention be directed to the spectral lines alone, independently of the absorption bands. The relation between Secchi's Types and the Draper classification is that Type I. corresponds to classes B, A, Type II. to F, G, K, Type III. to M, and Type IV. to N. An interesting series of spectra to show the gradual change from Type II. to Type III. stars has been secured by Father Sidgreaves at Stonyhurst. Taking the Types in the reverse order, we have in the star α Herculis a characteristic example of a Type III. star, with its series of absorption bands. As we advance through the stages represented by the spectra of the stars β Pegasi, η Geminorum, α Orionis, β Andromedæ, to the solar or Type II. star, α Tauri, we see the bands or flutings gradually resolved into lines. Now a banded or fluted spectrum is indicative of chemical compounds, a line spectrum of the existence of uncombined vapours and gases, and as a lowering of temperature is required for the formation of chemical compounds, we may reasonably infer that the

order indicated above among the characteristic stars chosen, is an order of continually decreasing temperature from Type II. to Type III.

Were we totally ignorant of the chemical origins of the lines and bands in the spectra of the stars, we should arrange them in the order enumerated above, passing from the simple spectrum of Type I. to the complex spectrum of Type III.¹ But the matching of the lines in the spectra of the stars, by their counterparts, or bright line correlatives, which can be produced in the laboratory, serves but to confirm the adopted order. Speaking generally, we begin in class B with stars in which helium predominates, the A stars are marked by strong lines of hydrogen, while in the F stars calcium begins to make an appearance. In the G stars, the class to which our sun belongs, we have a spectrum of many metallic lines, in which, too, the hydrogen lines are still strong, though not as marked as in the classes A and F. The stars of K class are mainly discriminated from the G stars by a further weakening of the hydrogen lines.

We next pass to the absorption bands of the M or Type III. stars, which appear in addition to lines characteristic of metallic spectra. These bands, as Professor Fowler has proved, can be exactly matched by the spectrum of the chemical compound, titanium-oxide. Among the stars of this class are the variable stars, of which Mira Ceti is the exemplar. These stars have in addition, when they attain their maximum of lustre, bright lines of hydrogen. We may remark that these same titanium-oxide bands are very marked in the spectrum of spots on the sun, and as spots on the sun are due to the absorption of the light of the photosphere, or brilliant surface of the sun in which they are found, they are generally held to be at a relatively low temperature. In the N class of stars the dark bands are due to a compound of carbon, an identification advanced in the first place by Father Secchi fifty years ago.

Laboratory spectra of the chemical elements are most frequently produced by the agency of an electric current. The current may flow under various pressures, comparatively low pressures as in spectra produced in the electric arc, or at vastly higher pressures, as when spectra are observed in the electric spark discharge, at still higher pressures in heavy discharges. If the lines of the stellar spectra are alone considered, the lines in the spectra of classes N to G can be produced by the

¹ See Figure I.

arc discharge, and those in classes F to B2 by spark discharges. But from B to O, the production of the comparison spectra requires the action of very powerful spark discharges. Nevertheless, the continuity is maintained throughout the whole series of spectra corresponding to the continuity in the line spectra of the different classes of stars. These considerations would confirm the position of the Wolf-Rayet or bright line stars at the head of the list, and, moreover, would place the spectra of the nebulae before those of the O or Wolf-Rayet stars. The spectra of such stars would be mainly due to helium and carbon, produced under enormous electrical pressure, or voltage. But whether this would indicate a rise in temperature, as we pass from the B to the O stars, it is not easy to decide. The continuity of the spectra from O stars to nebulae is further proved by the mathematical investigations of Professor Nicholson on the chemical atoms, considered as being systems of electrons arranged around a positive nucleus.

There is another argument too to be advanced, which, while it strengthens the accepted order of stellar development from B to M, also throws doubt on the position of the O stars and planetary nebulae at the head of the list. Just as the note of the whistle of a railway engine rises in pitch as it rushes towards us, and falls as it speeds away from us, as more vibrations per second, or less, strike the tympanum of our ears under these conditions than when the whistle is sounded with the engine at rest, so a slight, but measurable movement, in the deviation of a spectral line from its normal position indicates a motion of approach or recession of a star in the line of sight, while the amount of the deviation can be translated into velocity of the motion. This is an extremely delicate application of the spectroscope in the measurement of the positions of the spectral lines. By this means many stars which appear even in the most powerful telescopes to be single, are shown to be pairs of suns revolving around a common centre of gravity. We may take as an example the spectrum of β Aurigæ,¹ a star with strong hydrogen lines, but with a sharp line of calcium in the violet part of its spectrum. Sometimes this line appears as a single line, at other times as a double line. The explanation obviously is that we have in β Aurigæ not one, but two stars, which when they are in a line as seen from the earth, cover one another, but when in the course of their revolution they become separated, the one

¹ See Figure II.



Figure 1.

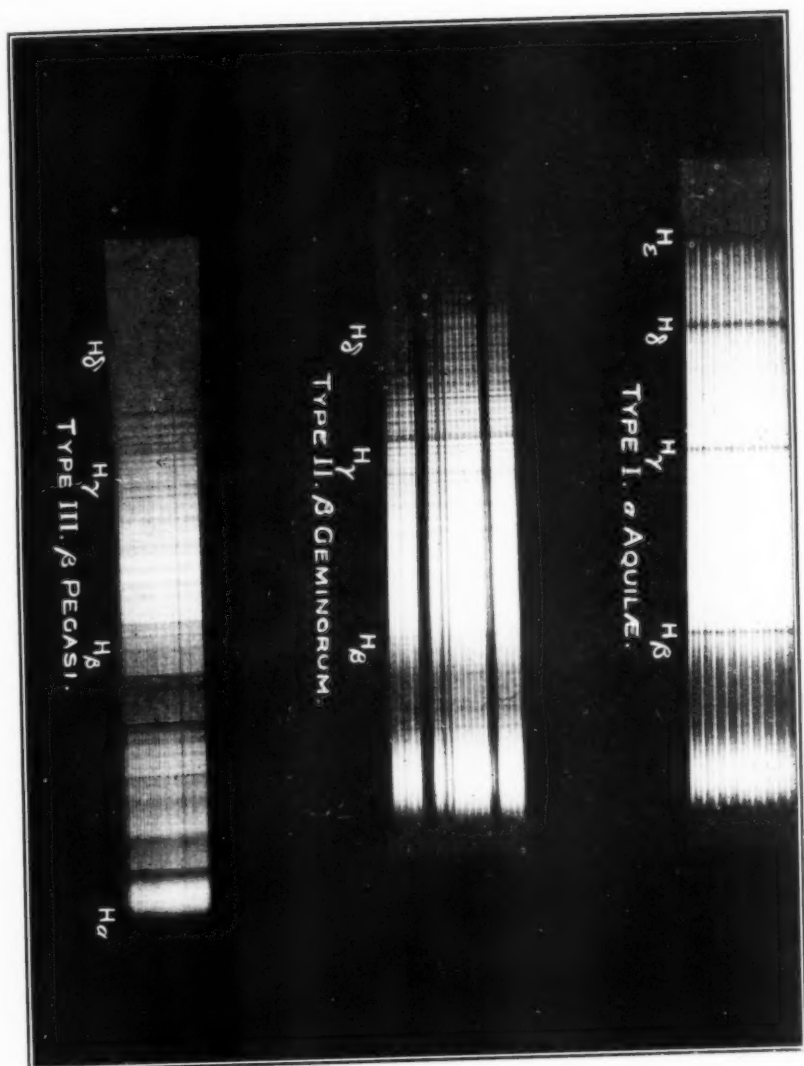
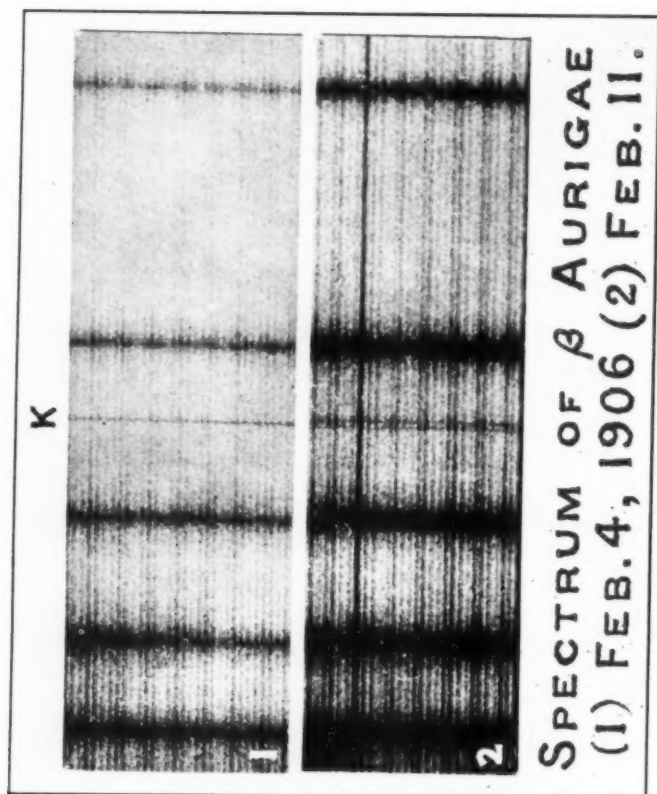


Figure 11.







advancing towards, and the other receding from us, show a pair of lines. At such phases in the relative revolution of the two suns, the hydrogen lines also, though not separated, become appreciably thickened. The period of this spectroscopic binary system is four days, that of ζ Ursæ Majoris, which exhibits similar phenomena, twenty days. Applying the same principles of interpretation to the lines of single stars, a displacement of the spectral lines from their normal positions would indicate velocity in the line of sight, though the spectroscope could tell us nothing about the components of the total motion athwart the line of sight. Many stars have been investigated by Professor Campbell with the powerful apparatus of the Lick Observatory for these radial velocities, and with a great number of stars as material for discussion, the laws of probability indicate that their velocities would be in all sorts of directions to the line of sight. Hence the component velocities in the line of sight, as measured in the spectroscope, are not merely those of stars which happen to be moving in one definite direction. A most important discovery made by Professor Campbell shows that there is a progression in radial velocities corresponding exactly to the order of the spectral types. Thus the white stars of Type I. move comparatively slowly, the motion is quicker in the yellow stars of Type II., and most pronounced in the red stars of Type III. The radial velocity of a helium or B class star is about 6 kilometres per second, of a star of class F, or hydrogen star, 14 kilometres per second, and of a red or M class star 17 kilometres per second. But in a recent communication presented to the American National Academy of Sciences, October, 1914, Professor Campbell finds that the average radial velocity of 45 nebulae is 26 kilometres per second, and, if the extended and ring nebulae be omitted, the resulting average radial velocity of 42 planetary nebulae is 46 kilometres per second. And, be it remarked, planetary nebulae are intimately connected in spectral type with the O class of stars. All the nebulae discussed are nebulae which give bright lines; there are no spiral nebulae in the list. If then the law be considered as established, that the speed increases as the development of a star progresses, we must needs regard a planetary nebula as a final, and not an initial stage in the evolutionary process. Possibly the initial stage is to be found in the spiral nebulae, and the whole system of the stars is to be regarded as the product of condensation from such an

inchoate state. However this may be, the continuity of the series in the colour-indices of the stars, the orderly progression of the spectra, the confirmatory orderly chemical origins of the spectra, and their division into arc, spark, and super-spark lines, all point to the same conclusion, that the colours and the spectra of the stars are indicative of a gradual development from a hot primitive condition, through a gradual lowering of temperature, to the state represented by the red stars, which presumably are on the brink of extinction. This theory, supported as it is by such weighty evidence, is in consonance with the generally accepted view, that all the stars of the firmament, vast though its dimensions be in number and distance, were in past times parts of an immense, extended, and possibly spiral, nebula.

For the last thirty years Sir Norman Lockyer has maintained that the process of evolution is not merely a cooling process, but that there are many stars that are rising in temperature, as well as those which are cooling. The sun and stars are mainly gaseous bodies, and in such bodies, so long as the density of the gaseous mass remains low, there must be a rise in effective temperature as condensation proceeds, and the gaseous mass loses energy, by radiation of heat and light at its surface. The process will go on until the condensation has reached such a stage that no longer is radiation at its surface compensated for by the contraction of the body upon its centre. It will then rapidly cool. This seemingly paradoxical law that cooling bodies rise in temperature until they cease to be wholly gaseous, was first enunciated by Lane of Washington in 1870, and has been developed by Ritter. Sir Norman Lockyer starts with the assumption that a nebula is a swarm of meteorites at a low temperature. As condensation proceeds the temperature of the bodies formed from the nebula rises, with a corresponding change in the spectrum, until the highest temperature is reached. Then follow the changes in spectrum as the cooling bodies lose temperature by radiation at their surfaces, in excess of that gained by condensation. There are therefore two arms to Lockyer's "temperature curve," the one an ascending arm, and the other a descending arm. According to this theory, Type III. or M class stars are placed on the ascending arm immediately above the nebula, the Type IV. stars or N class, showing the carbon absorption, immediately following the sun a Type II. star, on the descending arm. The discrimina-

tion of the stars at higher temperatures into groups of ascending temperature, and groups of cooling stars, is founded upon the appearance of arc and spark lines in the respective spectra in varying intensities. Thus stars on the ascending branch of the curve differ from those on the descending branch at the same temperature, because the hydrogen lines are thinner and the metallic lines more intense as compared with the same lines in the spectra of stars on the descending branch.

The central idea of Lockyer's hypothesis has quite recently been rejuvenated by Professor Russell, the Director of the Princeton Observatory, New Jersey, although his arguments are drawn mainly from astronomical rather than from physical considerations. The astronomical data are those of the absolute magnitudes, the masses, and the densities of the stars, so far as these have been ascertained.

For the physicist, the greatest difficulty to the acceptance of Russell's theory arises from the supposition that a dense star and an extremely tenuous star can show the same spectrum, even though they be at the same temperature. This is a supposition entirely alien to all laboratory experience, and it is inconceivable that, for instance, a star like W Crucis, which is supposed to have a density one-millioneth that of the sun, should exhibit a spectrum of the solar type. As Professor Fowler points out, such a density would be about equal to that of air in a vacuum tube at a pressure of only one millimetre.

It may be, however, that in the cases of highly diffuse stars, the luminosities are due to electrical or radio-active agencies, so that luminescence would express the light-giving properties rather than luminosity, which is a function of temperature. Nor must we adhere rigidly to the opinion that evolution proceeds continuously only in one direction, from nebulae through stars O and B, and so on to M and N. We have already explained one difficulty, from the motion of extended and planetary nebulae, to the placing of such objects at the head of the list. Probably along some such lines of investigation, a mode of reconciliation may be found for the two contending hypotheses. At present the weight of evidence leans in favour of the continuous progression from nebulae, through the white and yellow stars, to the red stars. After them come the dark stars, presumably dead suns, the existence of which we know, not by analysis of the light, which they have ceased to emit, but by their gravitational effects on other stars.

A. L. CORTIE.

VERONA : AN IMPRESSION

"Dust of Verona, dreams of Italy."

WHEN war between Italy and Austria broke out last summer, many of us were haunted by the terror lest the cities of northern Italy should be called on to endure the fate of the cities of Belgium, the terror lest, like Lombards and Goths of old, the barbarians should sweep down through the Alpine passes and bring death and destruction to the plains below. To-day this greater peril, we know, has been averted by the splendid valour of Alpini and Bersaglieri, but the lesser peril from air-craft remains and neither Venice nor Verona has escaped unscathed. The bronze horses of St. Mark's are hidden away, sandbags innumerable protect the sculptured façades of church and palace, and already, though the loss is a minor one, there is one painted ceiling the less by Tiepolo to be seen in the city on the lagoons. In the popular imagination it is Venice that looms as the point of keenest danger, and indeed shells on the Ducal Palace would be a tragedy no less irreparable than the shells on Rheims. In reality the danger to Verona from a military standpoint might have been far more acute, and artistically would have been hardly less heartbreaking. For it is not only that Verona, with its incomparable treasures of antiquity is also one of the strongest fortified places in the peninsula, and therefore a justifiable object of attack in war-time. It is that the city constitutes the main gateway through which, for centuries past, the Teutons have made their way southwards. It is this historic aspect of Verona, even more than her tombs and her churches and the "peach-blossom" marble of which she is largely built, that appealed to the imagination of Ruskin, and inspired his vivid word-picture of the city lying at the head of the blue Lombardic plain and at the foot of the last long spur of the Alps that marks "the great gate out of Germany into Italy through which the Goths always entered: cloven up to Innsprück by the Inn, and down to Verona by the Adige."¹ Almost might the city be regarded as an advance post of the German Empire.

¹ *Verona and its Rivers.*

Indeed, which of us, lovers of Verona, cannot testify how, no doubt until war broke out, the peaceful hordes of German tourists, freshly arrived through the Brenner pass, swarmed in the streets almost as their fighting forefathers must have swarmed in the many invasions of which the town has been sometimes the victim, sometimes the consenting host. There was no escaping them. On our last visit, a little old *albergo*, with back windows overlooking the swift-flowing stream, once the haunt of discriminating English travellers, had been transformed into a brand new *Deutsches Haus*, the whole ground floor converted into a smoking and drinking saloon, furnished with bent-wood Austrian chairs and spittoons innumerable. Not even the loveliness of Verona reconciled one to the temporary endurance of surroundings so hideous, and we hurried away. To-day one reflects sadly how promptly Mackensen and his staff would feel themselves at home there!

Happily no *Deutsches Haus* can blot out earlier memories of the venerable city. Among the impressions one bears with one from Italy, the following is among the keenest. You arrive late in the evening, tired and chill after the long trans-Alpine journey, indifferent to the monuments that the evening gloom is blotting out; and you awake the next morning to a magic world of radiant sunshine and blue sky and that hard clear atmosphere which has so intoxicating an effect after long months of our grey northern mists. Such a memory remains to me of Genoa one April morning many years ago: her majestic port, her stately palaces, her steep, picturesque *salite*, her gay gardens, all bathed in spring sunshine. And just such another memory clings round Verona—a memory of the Arena lying, a vision of antique loveliness, in the hot, shimmering sunlight, and again of the cool shades of the incomparable cloisters of distant San Zeno. All else is blurred in comparison with these clear-cut impressions.

It is difficult to convey any adequate sense of the austere beauty of the Arena, the great stone amphitheatre that lies in one corner of what is now the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. For over two thousand years—the structure is undoubtedly older than the Roman Empire, possibly even of Etruscan origin—tier above tier of wide shallow marble seats have lain open to rain and sunshine, acquiring the mellow tones that only immemorial antiquity can bestow. Loveliest of all are the curving lines of this vast egg-shaped cavity—lines

as exquisite as those of the shell-like Campo of Siena. There is nothing to break their pure sweep; the entrances for the 20,000 spectators are mere holes in the marble communicating with hidden staircases beneath. In the centre lies the arena itself, a perfect oval, and at either end a high arched gateway gives access and exit for the performers, be they man or beast. Originally an outer wall, its upper portion pierced with rounded windows, ran round the building behind and above the tiers of seats, but to-day a mere fragment of this survives, so that the whole structure is lower and the sloping cavity more shallow than in the original plan. Built as it was of huge blocks of stone, it might well have stood perfect for centuries to come, if destructive man had not at various times regarded it as a convenient quarry from which other buildings could be enriched at will. Theodoric, in the fifth century, set the baneful fashion, and lover of Verona though he was, the city suffered as much as it gained from his building methods. It is only fair to add that modern Italy watches over this precious monument with jealous care, even though she allows circus performances to take place there.

Although I have written of the Arena first because of the ineffaceable impression it made upon me, it constitutes but one of the many treasures the city contains. Other visitors have cherished different memories. Thus I note that the authoress of *An Englishwoman's Love-letters*—a very cultivated observer—records that it is the tombs of the Della Scallas and the Renaissance façade of the Palazzo del Consiglio, with its exquisite colonnade that chiefly enthralled her. Arthur Symonds, on the other hand, recalls first and foremost in his *Cities of Italy* the black cypresses of the Giusti garden—reputed to be among the oldest and tallest in Europe—as living more intensely in his memory than ought else. "Lean, ancient things," he calls them, "straight as pillars," and the words are happily chosen. The casual tourist will probably be most struck by the picturesque features of the far-famed Piazza delle Erbe, but it has other claims on our attention even than its æsthetic charm. It is one of the oldest city squares in existence in Europe, and two thousand years of stirring civic life have unrolled themselves within its open space. Once the Forum of the city, to-day it is the fruit and vegetable market, and the great white umbrellas of the stall-holders cover the ground like giant mushrooms, and in the early hours of the morning shelter a cheerful, bustling,

bargaining throng. Its beautiful fountain dates at least from the ninth century, and the statue that surmounts it, known as "Madonna Verona," is of much debated antiquity. The Tribune, a canopy supported by marble pillars, from beneath which judgments were proclaimed and sentences of death pronounced, has been a dignified feature of the piazza since 1207. Near by stands the white marble column surmounted by the Venetian lion, that was set up as an emblem of the authority that for long decades the Republic exercised over the city. In the houses all round, some indeed modern but many of noble antiquity, much of the history of Verona has been made. And it was precisely in the midst of memorials such as these that the Austrian bombs fell last November, happily without doing much grave damage.

It would have been more disastrous had the bombs fallen but a stone's-throw away in the little narrow space beside the old Lombard church of Sta. Maria Antica, into which are crowded those amazing Gothic tombs of the Scaliger family. This select little cemetery, fenced in from the modern street with an exquisite grille of wrought iron-work, contains, as is well known, the memorials of Verona's greatest sons. Readers of the *Stones of Venice* will remember Ruskin's detailed description and vivid interpretation of these sumptuous examples of fourteenth century sculpture, from the stately simplicity of the tomb of Can Grande, the friend of Dante, to the elaborate many-pinnacled structure of his great-nephew, Can Signorio. Not even Venice herself can boast so marvellous a series of sculptured monuments.

It is a long walk from the centre of the town where these principal "sights" are to be seen, to distant San Zeno—past the great bridge with the curious forked battlements that stretches across the broad Adige from the foot of the Castel Vecchio. Oddly as it reads at the moment, this bridge, we are told, was built by Can Grande II. mainly in order to facilitate the bringing of German soldiery into his city whenever the need for them might arise. Thence through a quiet suburb one reaches a bare, rather desolate-looking piazza on one side of which rises the façade of this wonderful Romanesque church that is at least one thousand years old.

It often happens to one when travelling, to one's sad discomfiture, that even the most beautiful objects, if seen only once, slip wholly from one's memory. Yet no one, I think, could forget San Zeno. As in the great Norman Abbey of

Fécamp, a wide flight of steps leads down from the west door into the nave, an arrangement which affords a wonderful first impression of the solemn interior spread out below one in all its austere beauty. Beyond the great nave the predominant feature at San Zeno is the open arcaded crypt below the high sanctuary, a wide centre flight of steps leading down to the former and side flights up to the latter. It is a design that lends itself to much beauty of execution and intricate harmony of slender shaft and marble tracery and well-poised statuary. The marble columns of the nave, like those of San Vitale at Ravenna, have the loveliest carved capitals, no two alike, and on the walls are still traces of very early fresco decoration, older far than what we are accustomed to call pre-Raphaelite. Finally above the High Altar is one of the very finest Mantegnas in existence, a Madonna and Child attended by saints and child-angels, the whole composition wreathed in a lovely festoon of fruit and foliage.

When these and many more treasures have been explored, there remains a delightful surprise for the visitor: the most perfect twelfth century cloisters lying beside the church, a portion of the ancient monastery. All round the enclosure runs an exquisite open colonnade of rounded arches, supported on tall, slender columns of red marble set in pairs. Many tombs of historic interest are in these cloisters, but most visitors will surely be content to sit and rest from much sight-seeing amid surroundings so soothing, where once the monks worked and prayed, and where now all is silent and deserted save for the casual tourist. So vivid indeed is the remembrance of the half-hour spent in this enchanting retreat, that for the writer at least, amid all the terrifying possibilities that aerial warfare may reserve for the artistic treasures of Northern Italy, bombs on the cloisters of San Zeno would seem the most irreparable.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

THE LATEST SPLIT AMONG THE THEOSOPHISTS

Mohini will not go to America, since there is a "cats and dogs" fight (sic) among the Theosophists there, worse than in Europe. Ah! what an exemplar our Society, for the world in general and our enemies in particular! ¹

DESPITE all that is said about the greater enlightenment and improved scientific methods of the age in which we live, it is tolerably plain that in matters of belief and conduct the modern world is swayed by very much the same influences as it was two thousand years ago. Men are just as credulous, just as superficial, just as loath to press investigation home to the sources of things, as they have been at any time since our Lord came. If any one doubt it, let him study the history of the two religions which are now acquiring the same sort of vogue among our fashionably intense contemporaries as the oriental cults achieved in Rome during the decadent epoch of the Cæsars and the Antonines. Christian Science and Theosophy both profess, not altogether without justification, to number their converts by thousands. In both cases the essential attraction is very much the same. A nebulous creed devoid of dogma which claims to have assimilated all that is vital in the older religious systems, an attitude of superior but indulgent condescension in regard to the errors and limitations of these same systems, some few half-truths decked out as new psychological discoveries—for example, the influence of mind over matter in the case of Christian Science, or among the Theosophists, the *Karma* idea and the reality of occult phenomena,—the sense of being in touch with what is most advanced and emancipated and up-to-date, and perhaps above all, the atmosphere of mysticism with its vague promise of spiritual growth, all these things, taken collectively, exercise a powerful fascination over minds of a certain calibre. We need not deny, or even resent, the reality of the appeal. If only the requisite counterpoise were there, it would do little harm. But it is just this counterpoise which is lacking. As the experience of this war time has taught us, for one person who will try to trace back a story

¹ Letter of Madame Blavatsky to Anna Kingsford, dated Aug. 23, 1886. (See the *Life of Anna Kingsford*, by E. Maitland, 3rd Edition, ii. 274.)

to the source from which it emanated, a hundred will pass it on unverified and even expanded. For the multitudes who swallow unquestioningly the pretentious assertions of the Christian Science text-book, there are barely a handful who inquire what sort of a woman this Mrs. Eddy was who claims to have been divinely entrusted with a message which would deliver the world from all its woes. So again the doctrine of reincarnation is believed in by thousands, because they like to think it and because Theosophy teaches it, without their ever asking themselves whence it came or what was the character of the teachers upon whose testimony it rests. There is no attempt to get behind the appearances of things. The bolder and more impudent the bluff, the better it appears to succeed.

It is when we set ourselves to investigate such questions as those regarding the character of the authors of Christian Science and Theosophy that we come to appreciate the essential hollowness and unreliability of these man-made religions. "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." That is not merely an utterance of the Word of God in the Scriptures, but it is a maxim of sound common sense. The philosophy which is to regenerate the world will not come to us through a source which is tainted with pretension and fraud. Of Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, a full account was given in these pages not so many years back. It seems incredible that any thinking person who has acquainted himself with the abundantly-documented researches of Georgine Milmine¹ can give a serious thought to the system that Mrs. Eddy erected upon a basis of illiteracy and more or less conscious deception. Theosophy finds its most effective confutation in precisely the same line of argument. The history of this new teaching, which professes to set up such high ideals of brotherly charity and regard for truth, consists of one long record of wrangles, jealousies, frauds and bitter accusations of untruthfulness, not among the inconspicuous hangers-on of a great movement, but among its leaders and responsible officials, not as charges brought by unfriendly critics from without, but levelled one against another by those who represent the very heart and core of its most esoteric teaching, not again in the time of its decadence and old-age, but long before the organization had attained even the twenty-

¹ *The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science*, New York, 1909.

one years of adult manhood. Even Mrs. Besant, the actual President of the Theosophical Society, has written quite recently: "It is worthy of notice that in the early days of each religion a spirit of Brotherhood [Brotherhood with a capital B; it is one of the shibboleths of the T.S.] has prevailed and has gradually disappeared as the religion grew older."¹ This is true enough; and the solitary exception that I know is the Theosophical Society itself. These bitter rivalries have manifested themselves from the very beginning—at least the first ten years, it would seem, may fairly count as the very beginning in a religion that measures its duration by *manvantaras* and *pralayas*.²

The Theosophical Society, as all the world knows, was founded in November, 1875, by Helen Petrovna Blavatsky—whom it is convenient to designate, as Theosophists constantly do, by her initials H. P. B.—and Colonel Henry Olcott. In this partnership all the strength and initiative, as is universally admitted, lay with H. P. B. She was the ruling spirit and she was also a lady of a quite disreputable past. There is no space to discuss the matter here, but in the light of the Aksakov letters quoted in Soloviev's *Modern Priestess of Isis*,³ and more particularly of the dispassionate investigation of J. N. Farquhar,⁴ there can be no possible doubt as to the fact of H. P. B.'s profligacy. Of the habitual mendacity of this foundress of a society for the glorification of truth no better illustration could be given than the following:

Five months before the foundation of the Theosophical Society, on the 3rd April, 1875, M^m. Blavatsky married in Philadelphia an Armenian, a Russian subject, named Michael Bettalay. Yet N. B. Blavatsky (her husband) was still alive and there had been no divorce. It was a case of bigamy pure and simple. Doubtless she said she was a widow, for she practised that piece of deceit for many years. She put down her age on the marriage-register as thirty-six, while she was actually forty-three.

¹ *The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals*. By Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society, 1910, p. 177.

² A *manvantara* is said to number 360,000,000 years, but Madame Blavatsky multiplies this by 12, which seems to show that estimates do not pretend to precise mathematical accuracy. See concerning this and many other matters connected with the subject the admirable and most useful little volume of Father Martindale, *Theosophy*, published by the Catholic Truth Society.

³ Translated by Walter Leaf, Lond. 1895. See e.g. pp. 225—235.

⁴ *Modern Religious Movements in India* (Hartford-Samson Lectures on the Religions of the World), by J. N. Farquhar, M.A., New York, Macmillan, 1915, pp. 208—291, especially pp. 211—217.

And Mr. Farquhar adds in a footnote:

I owe the facts to Mr. W. Irving Lewis, of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, who did me the great kindness of searching the public records and copying the details.¹

As to the professed spirit and aims of the Theosophical programme we may quote from a somewhat early work which has a special interest of its own. In Mr. W. R. Old's *What is Theosophy?* we read:

The motto of the [Theosophical] Society is an adaptation of the family motto of the Maharajas of Benares, "There is no Religion higher than Truth." Consequently it is not surprising to find persons of all sects and denominations within the ranks of the Society and taking an active part in its work and study. One object Truth; one condition Brotherhood; these are the simple considerations which have persuaded thousands to its teachings and thousands more to their propagation. As a body, it claims for all its members perfect freedom of opinion and liberty of expression, advocating mutual tolerance between those of divergent beliefs, and strenuously opposing all dogmatism, bigotry, superstition and credulity.²

Mr. Old's compendious statement, from which we quote, appeared in 1891 with a Preface by Mrs. Annie Besant, who warmly commends the handbook of "my friend Walter Old," declares that "Theosophy is the philosophy, the science and the religion for which the modern heart and brain are hungering," and rejoices that "this little book is going out into the world with its message of reason and love." Three years later this same Mr. Old, who had meanwhile come to discover that one of the leading officials of the Society was perpetrating the grossest deceptions in the precipitation of bogus messages from the Mahatmas, and who was disgusted by the reluctance of the other officials to take effective action, severed his connexion with the Theosophical Society and supplied to the *Westminster Gazette* materials for the exposure of the whole disgraceful business. The affair culminated in the most momentous of those various schisms which have marked almost every stage in the development of the Theosophical Society. We shall have more to say of it anon, but lest anyone should be disposed to infer that before the far-resounding convulsion of 1894 the Theosophists had

¹ J. N. Farquhar, *l.c.* p. 222. Mrs. Eddy, married at fifty-six, called herself forty!

² *What is Theosophy? A Handbook for Inquirers into the Wisdom Religion.* By W. R. Old, F.T.S., 1891, p. 15.

lived in harmony, let me call attention to the utterance of Madame Blavatsky, which I have prefixed to this article. A cat and dog fight among the Theosophists in America "worse than in Europe." This was the state of the "Universal Brotherhood" eleven years after its inception. And there had been plenty of lively scraps among the officials even before this. As we learn from Colonel Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*,¹ as early as 1880, a Miss Bates and a Mr. Wimbridge, who had been brought all the way from America to Bombay to help in carrying on *The Theosophist*, fell out so violently with the rest of the party that they had to be got rid of for the sake of peace. Three or four years later Professor Elliott Coues, a distinguished ornithologist, one of the few men of any scientific fame who have ever been associated with the Theosophical Society, was appointed a member of the American Board of Control. "He had bitter wrangles with Judge," the American Vice-President. It is Colonel Olcott who tells us this, adding that:

Coues wanted me to appoint him President for life of the American portion of the Theosophical Society, threatening in case of refusal to open war against us. This rhodomontade I laid before my Council at Madras, but resolutions were adopted . . . expressing full confidence in Mr. Judge. Dr. Coues' threats were not carried out but at various times he had inserted in the American papers most scurrilous letters and articles against H. P. B., myself, our associates and the Society. . . . He was ultimately expelled.²

A year or two later there was a quarrel in England between the Olcott-Blavatsky party and a smaller section of Theosophists and Occultists who adhered to Mrs. Anna Kingsford. The foundation of a new "Hermetic Society" was the immediate result. The cause of the difference, according to Mrs. Kingsford's statement, was that:

Our avowed missions were wholly incompatible, for while our purpose was the restoration of the true, esoteric and spiritual Christianity, theirs was the total subversion of Christianity itself.³

To judge from her letters, Mrs. Kingsford cherished no

¹ Second Series, pp. 206—207.

² Olcott, *A Historical Retrospect*, Madras, 1896, p. 26. These were not the only jars in the early days of the Society. For instance it is amusing to learn from the same source (p. 19) that for a year (1877 to 1878) the Secretary (Judge) was not on speaking-terms with the Foundress (H. P. B.).

³ Maitland, *Anna Kingsford*, Third Edition, ii. p. 277.

bitter feeling against Madame Blavatsky, even though she had twice detected the foundress in a clumsy attempt to impress her by "one of those tricks for which the Theosophical Society had already acquired so evil a repute."¹ It must be remembered always that it is not the enemies of the movement but convinced believers in occultism and advocates of the Universal Brotherhood, who speak in such uncompromising terms. Moreover, if Mrs. Kingsford spared Madame Blavatsky herself, she did not hesitate to denounce "the malignant inventions propagated by her associate the Countess Wachtmeister," and yet this lady was the bosom friend of the foundress and financially one of the pillars of the Society at this epoch. There is perhaps no more remarkable psychological phenomenon of recent times than the fascination which Madame Blavatsky exercised over her entourage. She deliberately set herself—it was her own expression—to "psychologise" people. The effect was partially hypnotic, and even though they found her out over and over again they still felt the charm of her irresponsible geniality and her almost Falstaffian nimbleness of mind. She herself seems to have possessed a sort of humorous but kindly contempt for those with whom she was associated. Olcott, who had most to do with her, she described as "a psychologised baby," and she generally did try to win the people whom she met, even though she had no use for them. A striking instance occurred when Olcott and Madame Blavatsky travelled together from the United States to India in January, 1879. There were only ten passengers, and amongst these was an Anglican clergyman and his wife. Colonel Olcott writes:

Can any one fancy what that wretched clergyman passed through, what with seasickness, the biting damp cold and daily wrangles with H. P. B.? And yet, although she gave him unreservedly her opinion of his profession, enforced at times with expressions fit to curdle his blood, he had the breadth of mind to see her nobler qualities, and at parting almost wept for losing her. He actually sent her his photograph and begged hers in exchange.²

None the less, no one who will carefully study Dr. Hodgson's Report in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research*, and still more his rejoinder to criticisms which is printed in the ninth volume of the *Proceedings*, can doubt

¹ The details are given in Maitland's *Anna Kingsford*, ii. pp. 204—5 and 275—280.

² Olcott, *Old Diary Leaves*, ii. p. 3.

that Madame Blavatsky was for years carrying on a campaign of systematic falsehood and trickery. All that has come to light concerning the foundress of Theosophy since her death has tended to confirm the verdict of that Report. The book of M. Soloviev, in particular, translated into English under the name of *A Modern Priestess of Isis*, is absolutely fatal to her pretences and denials; but if anyone desires to find the substance of prolonged researches carefully analyzed and condensed, with references given for every statement, he cannot do better than procure the recent work of Mr. J. N. Farquhar, *Modern Religious Movements in India*. It constitutes a damning indictment of the whole Theosophical organization to which no sort of answer is possible.

Still, Dr. Hodgson's Report, published in 1886, does not seem to have caused any great commotion within the ranks of the Theosophists themselves. They most probably believed the assurances of Hartmann, Olcott, Judge and others that the evidence of the Coulombs was perjured and that the letters of Madame Blavatsky, which they produced, were forgeries. The greater trouble came after Madame Blavatsky's death, when the question of the presidency of the Society began to be keenly debated. There is no space to tell the story here in any detail. Those who wish to inquire further will find the whole matter truthfully presented in one of the most brilliant pieces of satire known to English literature, the articles published by Mr. E. Garrett in the *Westminster Gazette* (October and November, 1894), under the title of *Isis very much Unveiled*.¹ If only as an example of method, humour and delicacy of treatment, this exposure of the Theosophical leaders, notably of Madame Blavatsky, Judge, Olcott and Mrs. Besant, may be described as a masterpiece. The essential facts are these. During the discussions concerning the succession to the presidency which ensued upon the death of H. P. B., Mr. W. Q. Judge produced, at critical moments, various written messages from the Mahatmas, which not only endorsed his personal views—one of them, for example, stated compendiously, "Judge's plan is right"—but were not without considerable effect upon the decisions which were arrived at. One notable communication forwarded through Judge to Mrs.

¹ See F. E. Garrett, *Isis very much Unveiled*. Westminster Gazette Library. Fourth Edition. The articles have fortunately been reprinted with the original facsimiles of documents and with an Appendix containing Mr. Garrett's crushing reply to the lame and tardy rejoinders of Mr. Judge and Mrs. Besant, both printed in full.

Besant warned her not to go to India, as her friend Olcott, the President, was conspiring to poison her. The messages were authenticated by the impression of a seal which Colonel Olcott was able to identify as one which he had himself had made in India. This seal, afterwards given to Madame Blavatsky, might easily have come into the hands of Judge, and when inquiry was once set on foot, the proof that Judge had fabricated these messages himself became irresistible. Matters eventually reached such a pass that the officials of the Society, although very reluctantly, on account of the scandal which must almost inevitably ensue, found themselves constrained to hold a judicial inquiry upon the conduct of their Vice-President. Mr. Judge came all the way from America to London to meet his accusers. But the inquiry, with the connivance of Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant, was practically burked. What Mr. Olcott had done in the matter of the Mahatma messages, he had done, it was ruled, in his private capacity and not as an official of the Society. Over his actions in a private capacity the tribunal had no jurisdiction. Accordingly some sort of arrangement was arrived at by which the American organization was to be left in the hands of Mr. Judge, while Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott recognized England and India as their principal sphere of influence. Everybody ostentatiously forgave everybody else and, with only the vaguest possible reference to the nature of the charges made against Mr. Judge, consented to bury the past. Even the incriminating documents were destroyed, but unfortunately for the credit of the Society copies of them remained in the hands of Mr. Old, who, utterly disgusted at the proposed condonation of Judge's unscrupulous frauds, made the whole story public, with the assistance of Mr. Garrett of the *Westminster Gazette*. Small wonder that the latter found ample scope for his genius in the "exquisite irony" of the situation.

The Theosophic Society [as he said] was to be the nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of mankind. And yet at the same moment taking the three chief exponents of this new Brotherliness, the President believed the Vice-President to be fabricating bogus documents, the Vice-President apparently believed the President to have designs to poison the High-Priestess, and the High-Priestess having these two beliefs to choose from, coquetted at least with the more heinous of the two.¹

¹ *Westminster Gazette*, Nov. 3, 1894. It is to be noted that Mrs. Besant never pretended that there was the slightest doubt about Judge's guilt. She owned that in the matter of the Mahatma messages she herself had been "duped." This was her own word.

Mr. Garrett, as he showed, was fully prepared to pay tribute to the character which Mrs. Besant had previously enjoyed for straightforwardness and integrity. But by her readiness, in the interests of her chosen form of occultism, to prevent a scandal by condoning fraud, she had forfeited all public confidence. And even apart from the fiasco of the abortive judicial inquiry her credulity had been so gross as to be little short of criminal.

What [he wrote later] was my essential contention about Mrs. Besant? That while she, as a sort of professional Honest Person was standing at the door of Mr. Judge's booth, vociferating to her Society and the public at large that the Mahatma business inside was perfectly genuine, she was letting herself be bamboozled the whole time so childishly, with such utter recklessness, with such eager and obstinate aversion of the eyes from any point where the wires and pulleys might have shown, that her testimony is henceforth valueless on any point requiring the exercise of common sense and common observation.¹

The immediate result of the *Westminster Review* exposure was to produce manifold protestations of innocence from Mr. Judge, while Mrs. Besant published at last an unequivocal statement of her charges against him, and of the evidence on which they were based. The American Theosophists for the most part stood by Mr. Judge and broke away from the organization of Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant. Mr. Judge died soon afterwards, but the tradition of bitter hostility has been perpetuated. Katharine Tingley, the President of the American branch, from Point Loma, California, and Mrs. Annie Besant, from Adyar, Madras, despite their professions of Universal Brotherhood, mutually anathematize one another in their respective organs when other topics of more immediate interest threaten to run dry.²

If Mr. W. Q. Judge was the stone of offence in the first great schism of the Theosophists, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater has played a similar rôle in the two or three notable schisms which have followed. Mr. Leadbeater is credited with the most remarkable psychic gifts, and for the last ten or twelve years

¹ F. Garrett, *Isis V. M. U.* Fourth Edition, p. 130.

² Here is a specimen: "Mrs. Katherine Tingley and her chief helper, Mr. Fussell, have been unremitting in their flooding of all countries since 1907 with filth directed against me." So writes Mrs. Besant in *The Theosophist* for December, 1912, p. 323. On the other hand Mr. Fussell speaks in such terms as these: "These teachings thus put forward by Mr. Leadbeater, supported by Mrs. Besant, are the more subtle, the more devilish, because these people profess Theosophy, which stands for everything which is clean and pure." *Mrs. Besant and the Moral Code* (1909), p. 15.

he has been Mrs. Besant's cherished assistant and guide in all her occult researches. He has written at least a score of books on Theosophy, which have been translated into many European languages, and in 1913 he produced, in collaboration with Mrs. Besant, a volume of five or six hundred pages professing to record the remote history of this planet and of its inhabitants thousands of years before the beginning of our historic records.¹ All these results were learnt by clairvoyance, and they embrace the most wonderful information regarding the reincarnations of various historical characters and of prominent members of the Theosophical Society. However, Mr. Leadbeater, despite the fertility of his occult researches, had unfortunately fallen under suspicion in a very unpleasant way. I quote the brief account of the matter given by Mr. J. N. Farquhar:

In 1905 certain very serious charges were brought against Mr. Leadbeater. He was then in England and held the office of Presidential Delegate in the British Section of the Society. It was said that he had given immoral teaching to boys in America and had even gone the length of immoral acts. The leaders of the American Section of the Society were greatly disturbed over the matter and wished to have him expelled from the Society. Since they did not possess this power themselves, it was decided that they should send a Commissioner to London to lay the matter before Col. Olcott the President-founder. Col. Olcott called a special meeting, consisting of the Executive Committee of the British Section, the Commissioner from America and a representative from France. The whole matter was carefully discussed and Mr. Leadbeater was examined. He confessed frankly enough to the charge of having given a number of boys the teaching complained of; and, under great pressure, he acknowledged that he might have been guilty also of some of the acts complained of. The printed minutes, legally authenticated, lie before me as I write; so there can be no question as to the absolute accuracy of these statements. Finally Mr. Leadbeater's resignation was accepted and he dropped out of the Society.²

We need not linger over this unpleasant theme. The important point is that two or three years afterwards Mr. Leadbeater, through the action of the President, Mrs. Besant, was reinstated without any sort of repudiation of his former opinions. Ultimately this proceeding led to the secession of Mr. Mead, and some seven hundred English Theosophists,

¹ *Man, Whence, How, and Whither*, Madras, 1913.

² *Modern Religious Movements in India*, p. 273.

who founded a new organization for occult research and started *The Quest* as its organ. But the continued alliance of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater produced results still more serious. It seems that Mr. Leadbeater, from his clairvoyant researches, had persuaded himself, and also Mrs. Besant, that the time was at hand for the coming of a new World Teacher. This Bodhisatva, or Lord Maitreya, when he comes, will require for use the body of a Hindu youth, and this youth, it is alleged, is now already on earth, being known as J. Krishnamurti, the son of one of the better class natives formerly in the employment of the Theosophical Society at headquarters near Madras. Of this youth and his brother Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater acquired control with the consent of the boy's father and in virtue of a formal legal instrument; their purpose being to train the youth, known in Theosophical circles by the name of Alcyone, for his high spiritual functions. To any one who has studied the trend of Mrs. Besant's more recent teaching in India, the purpose underlying all this will be obvious. She has consistently set herself of late years to glorify Eastern mysticism at the expense of the Western. She has made her appeal to the native races much more directly than to Europeans. Despite her strong character and her remarkable gift of speech, there can be no doubt that her Theosophical vagaries have seriously shaken the confidence of many of those in England who formerly looked upon her with respect and even with admiration. Not unnaturally she is eager to find compensation for the slights which she has suffered at home, and in some sense India is at her feet. With the aid of Mr. Leadbeater's fertile imagination, and with the Hindu Alcyone, the human shrine of the new incarnation of the Bodhisatva, subject to their joint control, what might not be possible? All this from 1909 onwards has taken the form of a regularly organized campaign. A special Order of "The Star in the East" has been called into existence to prepare for the coming of this new oriental Messiah, and of this Order the youth Krishnamurti is himself the President. The scheme undoubtedly was full of promise, but it has encountered two serious obstacles; first the fact that the European Theosophists did not like it, and secondly the revival of the unpleasant rumours about Mr. Leadbeater, expressed finally in the form of an action at law to withdraw the boy Krishnamurti from his influence.

To take the last matter first, the definite charge of immoral practices preferred against Mr. Leadbeater was held by the Judge of the High Court at Madras not to have been proven as regards the instances alleged. None the less, the Court decided that the custody of the children was to revert to the father, and Mr. Justice Bakewell expressed a strong opinion that the moral views avowedly held by Mr. Leadbeater unfitted him altogether for the work of educating the young. Here are the actual words used in this passage of the judgment:

Mr. Leadbeater admitted in his evidence that he has held, and even now holds, opinions which I need only describe as certainly immoral and such as to unfit him to be the tutor of boys, and taken in conjunction with his professed power to detect the approach of impure thoughts, render him a highly dangerous associate for children. It is true that both he and the defendant (Mrs. Besant) declared that he has promised not to express or practise those opinions, but no father should be obliged to depend upon a promise of this kind.¹

The scandal caused by this lawsuit undoubtedly helped to strengthen the feeling of resistance to Mrs. Besant's authority, which had for some time been growing more intense in many Theosophic centres in Germany, Switzerland and France. The movement of discontent found a leader in Dr. Rudolf Steiner, who was President of the German section of the Theosophical Society, and who himself, in his pursuit of the ideals of the Society, had laid stress upon the superiority of Christian mysticism over that of the Orientals. To him the idea of a reincarnation of a World Teacher, whom Mrs. Besant identified with Christ, in the body of a Hindu youth, now under her care, was extremely distasteful. On the other hand Mrs. Besant relaxed nothing of her efforts to boom the anticipated advent of the Lord Maitreya by every means in her power and through every organ at her command. A marvellous manifestation was supposed to have taken place at Benares on December 28, 1911, when the boy Krishna-murti, *alias* Alcyone, distributed certificates of membership in the Order of the Star of the East. In *The Theosophist* for February, 1912, Mrs. Besant writes:

¹ Judgment of Mr. Justice Bakewell in the case of E. Narayaniah *versus* Mrs. Annie Besant (High Court of Judicature, Madras, April 15, 1913), printed in *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case*.

As the simple ceremony began, suddenly, the whole atmosphere changed and great vibrations thrilled the hall; the slender boyish figure took on a surprising majesty, the line of approaching members was struck by a common impulse, and one after another, old and young, men and women, Indians and Europeans and Americans, as they reached him stretched out quivering hands to take back their papers, and bowed their heads at his feet to receive his blessing, while he, serene and with an exquisite smile of welcome to each, bent with hands outstretched in benediction, as simply and naturally as though naught extraordinary was happening. What the clairvoyants present saw, this is not the place to tell; but all who were present felt the might of the Power manifested in their midst, and knew that they were facing not a Brahmana youth merely, but one who, for the time, was the living temple of the Holiest. We elder people . . . sat gazing at this astounding spectacle, and as we left the hall we felt as in the ancient story: "This is none other than the house of God and this is the gate of heaven."¹

Mrs. Besant, it is sometimes said, has nowhere explicitly and publicly stated that Krishnamurti's body is to be used as the vehicle of the great coming manifestation. But such a contention can hardly be reconciled with the following passage from her account of the same incident in another periodical called *The Link*:

A great coronet of shimmering blue appeared a foot or so above the young head, and from this descended funnel-wise bright streams of blue light till they touched the dark hair, entering and flooding the head; the Lord Maitreya was there embodying himself in his Chosen. . . . Those of you who were present can have no doubt in the future as to the body which is chosen by the Hierarchy for the using of the Lord. You know the mighty influence was felt, and the Bodhisatva overshadowed His future body and made all feel His influence through it.²

All this was a little more than the European Theosophists would bear. It would take too long to trace the gradual embittering of feeling on both sides. In the *Theosophist* of 1912 and 1913 frequent indications of it may be found, as for example, the following passage from the number for February, 1913:

The German Executive, the Swiss German Lodges in the German Section and some groups of Dr. Steiner's in Italy have sent

¹ Pp. 631, 632.

² Miss McNeile, in the periodical *The East and the West*, January, 1914, p. 47.

telegrams suggesting the resignation of the President, the first especially being couched in grossly insulting language.

Anything that touches Mrs. Besant's dignity and wounds her *amour propre*, at once produces an explosion. Universal Brotherhood is all very well as long as her prescriptive right to take the lead is not interfered with, but when you threaten her dictatorship, her power of self-restraint and, if her Theosophical antagonists are to be believed, even her sense of truth completely forsakes her. It is not therefore surprising that she ended by virtually excommunicating the offending German and Swiss members, revoking their charters and appointing new officials in their place. Meanwhile the number of seceders who, of their own accord, renounced their allegiance to Mrs. Besant and her Society, went on growing. I quote as expressing with dignity and restraint an attitude of mind very general among European Theosophists two passages from a letter in which the well-known French Occultist, E. Schuré, tenders his resignation. Speaking with special reference to the alliance between Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, M. Schuré says:

To those who have followed her words and acts from that time onwards, it is clearly manifest that Mrs. Besant has fallen under the formidable suggestive power of her dangerous collaborator and can only see, think and act under his absolute control. The personality henceforward speaking through her is no more the author of *The Ancient Wisdom*, but the questionable visionary, the skilful master of suggestion who no longer dares to show himself in London, Paris or America, but in the obscurity of a summer-house at Adyar governs the Theosophical Society through its President.¹

And this is how M. Schuré proceeds to touch upon the Krishnamurti incident:

A young Indian, aged thirteen, initiated by Mr. Leadbeater—that is to say trained by him, mentally impressed to a high degree—is proclaimed and presented to the European public as the future teacher of the new era, Krishnamurti, now called Alcyone, has no other credentials than his master's injunctions and Mrs. Besant's patronage. His thirty-two previous incarnations are related at length, the early ones going back to the

¹ E. Schuré, letter to Secretary of French Section of the Theosophical Society, resigning membership, dated March 1, 1913. E. Lévy, *Mrs. Besant and the Present Crisis in the T. S.*, London, 1913, p. xiii.

Atlantean period. These narratives given as the result of Mr. Leadbeater's and Mrs. Besant's visions are for the most part grotesquely puerile and could convince no serious occultist. . . . During a meeting at Benares Krishnamurti, presenting certificates to his followers, received honours like a divine being, many persons present falling at his feet. . . . In reporting this scene Mr. Leadbeater likens it to the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost.¹

It is plain that there is a limit even to the credulity of Theosophists. So far as Europe is concerned, Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant have overshot their mark. Dr. Steiner has organized a new Society or philosophy under the name of Anthroposophy, which has its headquarters in Switzerland. Meanwhile, Mrs. Besant, in *The Theosophist* for last January, denounces "the carefully planned attack of Dr. Steiner through which he tried by the most unscrupulous misrepresentations to eject me from the Presidency of the T.S. and to put himself in my place." She also refers to his "extraordinary mendacity." It is interesting to remember that, seven years ago, in writing a Preface to Dr. Steiner's *Way of Initiation*, Mrs. Besant describes him as "the natural heir of the great German mystics, who adds to their profound spirituality the fine lucidity of a philosophic mind." But that was before Dr. Steiner had the audacity to oppose Mrs. Besant's pet project of a new Hindu incarnation by which Christ, *alias* the Bodhisatva, is again to renovate the world.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ P. xvii.

THE JOY OF THE WORLD

FOR your joy do the long grasses rustle, the tree-tops stir,
Where the wind moves eagerly through the pine and the fir;
Alert for your coming the woods and the meadows all wait;
The buttercups grow and the turtle calls to his mate.

And God for your clothing fashioned in patience the sun,
A cloak wrought of glory and fire where strange colours run,—
Saffron and crimson and sapphire and gold, as is meet;
And stars to be set on your head, and stars under your feet.

For you, His most lovely of daughters, the mighty God bowed
From Heaven to give you your dowry of sunset and cloud;
And splendid in light and in worship were Gabriel's wings,
When he breathed in your bosom the hope of the fulness of things.

Sudden and dear was the secret he whispered to you,
Of One who should quietly fall to the earth with the dew,
As dew that at night in the valleys distills upon fleece;
With no shattering trump did He come but in terrible peace.

In your hands that are sweeter than honey, in all the wide earth
God laid the desire of the nations, their home and their mirth,
And gave to your merciful keeping man's joy and man's rest,
And under the infinite heavens a babe at your breast.

And though the stars wane and the royal, deep colours all fade,
Yet still shall endure in the heart and the lips of a Maid,
The sweep of the Archangel's pinions—the humble accord—
The song—the dim stable—the night—and the birth of the Lord!

In your joy do the long grasses rustle, the tree-tops stir,
Where the wind moves eagerly through the pine and the fir;
Alert for your coming the woods and the meadows all wait;
The buttercups grow and the turtle calls to his mate.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

SOME PEDDINGTON PEOPLE

III. NEIGHBOURS.

(I)

MISS BRIDGET PAYNE, of the Beech House, Peddington, was fifty, and made no attempt to disguise that sometimes unpalatable fact. Perhaps she was under no pressing obligation to do so, for at fifty Miss Bridget possessed a certain charm which at twenty-five had not belonged to her, though at twenty-five she had been by no means unattractive. Then, her fine, silky hair was bright and brown and there were no tiny lines round the corners of her eyes. Then, she had always worn low collars, and her neck within was very white and smooth and rounded. Now, the collars were a trifle higher and the hair was silver white. But silvery hair is a pleasing accompaniment to blue-grey eyes; Miss Bridget's "sizes" for gloves and boots and waists—always well within the limit—had known no change; she still held herself militantly and walked with a decisive lightness. She was still sprightly in conversation and not un-alert at repartee. There were no obvious signs of decay about Miss Bridget.

Yet, on this warm late summer afternoon, as she unfurled her sunshade preparatory to a long walk across the fields, some vague sense of dissatisfaction, some realization of life forces on the wane made itself uncomfortably prominent. Words heard or read, she couldn't remember how or when—at church, perhaps, last Sunday—rose to the surface of her consciousness in a manner persistent if not annoying.

"And who is my neighbour?"

The words were familiar to the point of staleness, yet they had become charged with a power startling in its force and direction.

Miss Bridget, standing in the pleasant doorway, glancing across smooth lawns to the great beech trees bordering them, shook out the silk folds of her sunshade with a finality tinged with peremptoriness.

Almost it seemed that she challenged the innocent preserver of her complexion to preserve from assault the threatened bulwarks of her rectitude.

What had she to do with any aggressive application of the question of "neighbours"?

A slight irritability manifested itself in the voice with which she negatived Jane Cox's considerate inquiry as to tea.

"No, Jane, thank you. I'm going over to Cranton and shall have tea with Miss Amy."

Then, with the redeeming smile which was all Jane noted:

"And I wish I wasn't. I'd ever so much rather have it at home."

In Jane's answering countenance was that suggestion of confidential discretion, of reticent trustworthiness, which was not the least of the desirable qualities commending this long-tested handmaiden to her mistress.

"Supper at seven, then, 'm?"

"Please, Jane."

"Certainly I shall be back to supper," reflected Miss Bridget, as she closed the gate between her well-trimmed laurels.

"Not that Amy will want me to stay any more than I shall want to," she mentally added.

And almost immediately, so insistent sometimes are unwelcome thoughts—almost immediately, that assertion resolved itself into another tiresome question:

"Why should Amy and I always want to escape from each other?" Whereupon, two questions irresistibly became one, and . . . "Neighbours?" echoed Miss Bridget's subconsciousness. Again, as she mounted the worn stone steps to the Cranton fields, that sense of interior persecution assailed her.

Glancing across the green grass to her right, the reddening Virginian creeper of the Beech House shone through a space between the trees. The hall door beneath its cool summer awning still stood invitingly open. Within, Jane Cox would be going about her household tasks with her perfect precision and method. What a treasure Jane was! Unmarred, too, by that excessive spiritedness so often tempering the desirability of the exceptional domestic servant. One's silver and one's secrets were alike so safe in Jane's devoted hands. Miss Bridget did hope the estimable William, to whom Jane was long affianced, would remain content with his head-gardenership at the Manor and the present state of non-committal courtship. William's gain must so disastrously result in Miss Bridget's loss, though of course she wished the best of happiness to Jane.

"How could I be so selfish as not to?" Miss Bridget ad-

monished herself, addressing nothing, even Echo, in particular.

She shifted her sunshade to her right shoulder so as to get the uninterrupted view of the Cranton hills on her left.

What unbroken tranquillity that little wooded range on the misty blue sky-line suggested! How often, in how many differing moods, had it not brought peace to her! In the foreground, a sombre cedar and some fir-trees, straight and dark, gave to the dreamful vista of the hills a touch of welcome austerity. Here and there, gleaming among the encircling green, the corn ripened to harvest. A lark made a sudden upward flight, dipping earthwards in an ecstasy of heaven-caught melody.

"Oh!" cried Miss Bridget's answering heart, and in that childlike abandonment, flung all unfriendly intrusions to the winds. These, surely, were her "neighbours,"—satisfactory, un-jarring Jane; the peace-bringing blue hills; the untroubled lark scaling the heavenly heights to bring his music earthwards.

That her niece's lot was cast in a different mould to her own was by no arrangement of hers. Why not take the gods' good gifts without carping?

Miss Bridget set her face resolutely towards Cranton. There was the long hill to climb beyond the fields. She mustn't dawdle. And she was a good little soul, Amy, a plucky, uncomplaining, little soul; a trifle hard, perhaps, but who could wonder considering everything? No mother, and so . . . so . . . so impossible a father. A hard, dull life she must have, too, cooped up in the tiny house at Cranton, doing all her own housework and wrestling, if not with actual poverty, with constant pinch. Certainly, there was Frank Patterson to console her. But even a perpetually postponed husband, under the circumstances, could not banish their inherent depression. And Amy was made for happy things—for love and laughter. Yes, a good little soul. She would try to be very neighbourly with Amy this afternoon.

(2)

Meantime, the unconscious subject of Miss Bridget's meditations was hardening her white little hands and not softening her white little heart washing dishes at a kitchen sink.

Aunt and niece were curiously alike outwardly and inwardly, but the outward similarity was the more conspicuous. Inwardly, neither recognized any likeness at all. How could two people producing upon each other such inevitable outward irritation have any inward point of resemblance?

Old Ann Walsh, who had never "seen service" in any family but the aunt's, and who had been nursemaid to the niece's grandmother, could handle the subject with a psychological philosophy attained by neither.

Old Ann, gossiping with a crony in her comfortable cottage with which her whilom charges had provided her half-way on the road to Peddington, would often give it as her opinion that Miss Bridget and Miss Amy "was as like as two peas yet diff'rent altogether."

"Miss Amy, her's all for the work o' the minute, but Miss Bridget, her's up in clouds half the time—like Mr. Arthur, an' yet her haven't got a mossel o' patience wi' *he*! An' both on 'em's like my dear missus. Bit of a body, her wur; hair so bright an' shiny, 'twas like ripe hazels when sun's shinin'. Quick, too, turble quick and nimble. But Miss Amy's mother—poor soul of 'er—her wur diff'rent agen. Never didden ought to a-mated, they two. Dreadful sad business, that wur, sure nuff; and then, when baby come, 'twas all a end. And he weepin' tears and writin' po'try, an' cudden sell ut when 'twas wrote. And what I do say be: 'Poor souls, all!'"

It was old Ann's constant solution of the riddle of human entanglements.

It was also the conclusion at which Amy was arriving, in a different spirit and by a different route, as she rapidly and effectively dried her dishes.

Coming through the open door and windows of the neat little kitchen in which she stood, the August sunshine lighted up her nut-brown hair to burnished gold. A stray beam struck the diamonds and turquoise of a little engagement ring hanging on a dresser hook. Amy's eyes followed the beam. Then she did one of those "silly" things Frank Patterson alone, and he not often, was permitted to witness. She walked up to the little ring and kissed it. To Frank it was granted to see that attractively sentimental side of little Amy shown to few, not including her Aunt Bridget.

"Winnipeg," Amy was thinking, as she shook out her dish-cloth and whisked it on to a gooseberry bush to dry; "that

jolly farm at Winnipeg—and . . . out there . . . who knows? I can't leave father; Frank mustn't lose the chance . . . And I . . ."

Her lips did not tremble. Neither did her heart soften. Something unyouthful came into Amy's face, destroying its winsomeness.

"Father, and father, and father!" she was thinking. "And dishes, and dishes, and dishes! And no escape!"

That, briefly, was life's summary for Amy Payne. It was not a satisfactory summary for two-and-twenty.

Arthur Payne's marriage had been a tragedy in a life marked out for non-success. The one unmercantile mind in a family of mercantile brothers, whose names adorned the coal-trucks on most of the county's railways, he had increased the disdain in which his relatives held his aspirations and achievements by falling in love with a beautiful penniless girl, who lived to wreck her own and further entangle her unfortunate husband's career, and died giving birth to their first child.

"Like Arthur's luck!" was the family's laconic comment. But Bridget had been conscious of some strange sympathy with the lovely, disillusioned, wilful creature; and when certain sickening stories began to be matters of village gossip, she found herself wondering what she, who carried her head so proudly above all vulgar temptations, might not have succumbed to given circumstances so provocative. Without rising to old Ann's unconscious virtue, she had truly pitied Arthur's wife.

Towards her brother, Bridget acquiesced in the family's attitude of contempt. If a man's mind is above merchandise, it should at least not be beneath honest labour; and a child is a self-imposed burden every father is bound in honour to bear. To the brothers Payne, rigidly and decorously pursuing riches in an unswerving devotion to the public provender of coal, Arthur's literary labours appeared negligible. Their results obviously were. So, after a period of unpaid loans and unfree gifts, they left him to his own devices—and misery. The exact nature of that misery their imaginations had no power to gauge. Perhaps Bridget sometimes unwillingly guessed. Some inherited strain of artistry probably formed an element in both characters. But old Ann, who was no artist, guessed better. Old Ann's eyes were ever very widely open to misery in whatever guise it presented itself,

and the opportunities for vision which even a tiny Somerset village afforded her were unlimited.

"I think I'll run round to Ann," reflected Amy, as she untied her apron; "and see if she can come round Friday for a clean-up. The old dear's always cheering."

Coming down hatted and gloved for her walk, however, Amy encountered frustration—and Aunt Bridget—on the threshold. Immediately nature asserted herself—belligerently. A just perceptible annoyance mitigated Amy's smile, a just not hidden distaste clouded Bridget's.

"Oh!" said Amy, in the tone furthest removed from that reserved for Frank Patterson; "come in. You're just in time for tea."

"I've brought you some of Jane's scones," said Bridget, swiftly fixing the date for the next climbing of the Cranton hill for, say, after Christmas.

Yet, as she retraced her steps homewards, recalling all that had been said and much that, she divined, was left unsaid, Bridget seemed slowly to realize why it had appeared imperative that afternoon to come.

"That state of things must end," she told herself. "Frank must take his Canadian farm—and Amy must go with him. *She* must not be the last sacrifice on the altar of incompetence. And Arthur—Arthur——"

As she came within sight of home, the question so persistently pricking her conscience as she started forth again repeated itself; and with it, unwelcome, irresistible, came its answer. There could be no possible doubt as to who was, immediately, her neighbour; the one for whom an obvious service was obviously within her power to perform.

The great beeches stood outlined softly, finely, against a sky unearthly in its luminous clearness. The old, old roofs of Peddington appeared like houses in a dream. And out of the stillness, the newness of the celestial light, a voice called to Bridget remorselessly bidding her lay aside her long-guarded comfort and peace.

"Of course the house is too big for one person and more than big enough for two. Of course I have too much and they too little. Of course Arthur has wasted his chances, and muddled his life, and is, Oh! what *shall* I do with him, always about? Nevertheless, he's got to come and live with me, and probably Jane will give notice or get married on the spot. . . ."

Closing the gate, carefully and slowly, she entered the house.

"Oh, Jane! It's good to be home again. How nice you've made everything look!"

But as she dropped into the nearest chair, Jane noticed that her mistress's eyes were very weary.

"She's that tired. How can I tell her to-night?" thought Jane, as she retreated to her kitchen. "Yet tell I must. I've put off too long already."

(3)

Yet Jane continued to put off what affection assured her would be an unwelcome announcement until after breakfast next morning, having run round to William's after supper by way of strengthening her faltering resolution.

"I can't bear to leave her, Will, and that's the truth."

William tossed off a remainder of cider and adjusted a nutty crust to a generous accompaniment of cheese before he replied, fixing his betrothed with his steady grey eyes as he did so:

"I'll be bound if I don't sometimes think as you do care for Miss Payne more'n you do for me, Jane Cox."

"Now Will, my dear!"

William swallowed his mouthful deliberately and continued with emphasis:

"'Tis fifteen year since we was promised, Jane."

"I know, my dear, I know. You've been real patient, but we've saved a bit, haven't us, and been useful? 'Tisn't like as we'd *wasted* time."

"Time don't go on for ever, Jane, and I'm about tired o' time an' waitin'. 'Tis choosin' time now, my girl, me or Miss Bridget—which? There's the cottage up to Buddon Lane, with the nice bit o' garden an' the kitchen you've always fancied yourself in, to let; but 'twon't stay so for long. 'Tis only for you to choose papers an' furniture, an' you an' me must move in this year, man an' wife, or part comp'ny."

With that, William had risen conclusively from the table. The sound of his Windsor chair leg scraping the stone floor echoed in Jane's ears now as she folded with more than usual elaboration the breakfast cloth.

"Anything wrong, Jane? Have I given out a 'best' by mistake again?"

"No'm. Oh, no. But . . ."

Jane cleared her throat for it and plunged.

"William's been talking again, 'm, and he says . . ."

Miss Bridget resigned herself to Fate. She knew quite well what was coming. She seemed to have known it ages ago. She had, in fact, been absolutely certain of it since yesterday.

("It's all going to happen at once," thought Miss Bridget. "Arthur will come, Jane will go, there won't be any more peace or comfort, I shall never get another Jane, . . .")

"Yes, Jane? William's been talking again? What's William been saying?"

Jane closed the sideboard drawer slowly and faced round.

"He says, 'm, we've got to get married and there's no two ways about it. He's firm, William, once his mind's made up. Pig-headed I call it, and told him so. But he says he's waited long enough and 'tis time to make an end."

The humour of the situation made Miss Bridget's smile almost a happy one.

"Most women enjoy the prospect of getting married, Jane. You don't seem to. Why?"

"I do, and I don't, 'm. You see . . ."

As she told William afterwards, it came over Jane "all of a sudden" the number of things she saw. In the course of its outwardly placid and even enviable tenor, few perhaps in Peddington had ever read rightly between the lines of Bridget Payne's life history. Peddington knew that, years ago, after a series of visits to friends outside its precincts, "something had happened," that a certain engagement had been broken off; and Peddington, though greatly desiring to do so, had known little more.

"Always a little stiff, dear, don't you think? Reticent to a degree! To the point, one might almost say, of unfriendliness."

The remark was addressed to Mary Patterson.

"I wonder . . .?" Mary had answered, and her dark sympathetic eyes had finished the sentence for her. But then, Mary was always a trifle inclined to a romantic point of view. Her own sudden marriage had taken Peddington's breath away, so to speak, and deprived it of more opportunities for speculative interest than were easily forgiven. Still, in Mary's case, the facts were there, plain and evident. In Bridget's, no confidence whatever had been shown—generally. Peddington had *not* liked it—"at all."

But Bridget, treading the winepress alone, bearing in bitter sorrow another's shame, had not guessed that, at her side, performing to such nicety the commonplaces of daily service, never betraying, never receiving, never expecting "confidence," was one whose incommunicative, faithful heart companioned her. Neither, perhaps, had she even in those dark days realized what true consolation that silent presence had afforded.

"I do and I don't, 'm. You see . . ."

But words were never Jane's ready aids in difficulties. How could she tell of all she was thinking? Even to William it was the easier. All she had seen, all she feared, if she left the Beech House to probable mismanagement and its owner to possible solitude and sadness?

("Not even the linen and the silver, I'll warrant, looked after as they've a right to be!")

She hesitated and was silent.

"Yes, I see, Jane. Of course, you mustn't keep William waiting any longer, and I must look out for someone else. I shall miss you, badly; but I was thinking of certain changes myself—we must make the best of it. . . . You don't think. . . .? But, no; I'm sure William wouldn't care to consider settling here with you, would he? The house is quite big enough for you to have the kitchen and what you wanted beside. . . . Of course we'd have more help—I'd be very glad. . . . Why, who's that, Jane? There's somebody driving up and stopping. Who can it be at this hour?"

"Why, 'tis Miss Amy, 'm, and Mr. Patterson! Whatever can . . .?"

Jane hurried to the front door.

(4)

As Amy entered, and they met on the threshold, Bridget was instantly aware that something unusual had happened. Again, she had that sense of climax, which yesterday's uneasy prickings of conscience had forestalled. But now there supervened, as she held out her hands to Amy, some formless fear.

Her brother's face rose before her as she had seen it on their parting at the Cranton garden gate—haggard and anxious. He had been silent and distraught during tea, and, when, afterwards, he came with her down the little path, had begun

some hesitating sentence, leaving it unfinished. She had not waited to hear what he wished to say. His slow, often apparently pointless utterances irritated her. But on the way back to Peddington, his parting smile had flashed across her vision. She was passing a high bank where, growing out of reach, the pale mauve of a bunch of scabius caught her eye. It was Arthur who used to climb and pick the scabius for her when they were children together, and Stevens and Payne already at work at the office. Somehow, his smile at the Cranton gate had recalled that brother Arthur who had been her childhood's companion.

Out of some latent consciousness these things rose now as she held Amy's hands, her lips parting in an unspoken question.

For Amy, usually so self-possessed, could no more than herself command her voice to speak. Amy's eyes were red. Amy had been crying.

"Father!" she said. "I came at once to tell you."

Then, in broken disjointed sentences, as they sat together on the couch and Bridget held the little hands, she heard what Amy had to tell.

Father had seemed very absent-minded all the evening after Aunt Bridget had gone, but then he was often like that; she took no special notice. He was writing a paper for the *Outlook*, which was already overdue. When she took him his glass of milk, last thing, he was still busy with it. He had stopped writing to kiss her good-night, but had not spoken. He had kissed her *twice*. She remembered how he had put his pen down and given her a long second kiss. But he hadn't said anything, even then. This morning she had taken him his cup of tea—early. He was often wakeful after working late at night . . .

"And he was there . . . just as I left him . . . he had not moved . . ."

Amy turned, and for the first time in her life, leant against Bridget's shoulder, clinging to her, sobbing.

"Oh, Auntie, Auntie! I wasn't always as kind to him as I might have been. . . . I did take care of him all I could; I did love him. But I was often impatient—often—and now . . . He tried so hard—and was always being disappointed. Life was so hard—for us both. You never understood him, Grandpa and all of you. He *did* try to work in his own way, but it wasn't Uncle Payne's or Uncle Steven's way, and

you none of you understood. And now he's gone without a word and I can never make up to him."

Bridget's arms came round the little shaken figure in a remorseful tenderness. In that stricken moment the hardness of both their hearts lay manifest; naked and ashamed. Yet then, perhaps, even then, death drew together what life had kept apart; and the sad soul of each felt for, needed, and found, the other.

"You mustn't reproach yourself, dear, at all. You were always his good child—his comfort. It's not you who have to blame yourself. It's . . ."

Suddenly she realized the futility of her late awakening. It was not wanted, then, after all, her little grudging sacrifice. She might keep her unbroken . . . peace!

"It's not you . . .," she faltered; "it's . . ."

But of what use were they, in the presence of the Great Silence, words and self-blame? Once they might have loved him better and helped him more. That love and help which would once have meant so much to him could never now be given. They had been given—opportunity. And she had begun to take it—too late.

"Don't cry, Auntie," said Amy, softly. "It's . . . I suppose it's all of us. You and I. . . . We never *tried*, I suppose, hard enough—to understand. But I had to come to-day at once. That shows I knew you'd understand now. Frank drove me over. He's waiting to take me back. You'll come, won't you? Ann's there, but there's so much to see to. You'll come, won't you?"

(5)

Bridget stood still, her hand on the turnstile at the end of the Cranton fields. She had just left Amy. Yesterday, in the glow of the autumn sunshine, they had carried the poor tired body to the little churchyard, sweet and old and tranquil, under the wooded hill. *That* problem had reached its earthly solution. Nothing now need hinder Amy's departure for Winnipeg. Never need the pleasant ways of her own household be broken in upon by an unwelcomed presence. Jane, too, would no doubt soon be comfortably settled. She was glad Jane would be happy, and William.

Her eyes rested on those cherished friends of her solitude, the great beeches sheltering her peaceful lawn. The beloved

sound of the wind in their branches just reached her where she stood.

Yet, perhaps, in all her previous days, and Miss Bridget had known many of unspeakable pain and sorrow—probably, she had never carried a heavier heart down the worn steps from the Cranton fields than then.

As she opened her gate she noticed that Jane had set her supper under the trees. A great bowl of late sweet pea, freshly gathered, sent out to her their fragrant welcome.

"That's nice!" thought Miss Bridget. "I *shall* miss Jane."

Jane met her on the doorstep, followed her into the dining-room, and taking hat and gloves, lingered, hesitantly, yet with a certain air of purpose.

"Supper outside, Jane? I'm glad. It won't be long coming, will it? I believe—I'm tired. It's a long walk from Cranton."

She sat down on the sofa, slight and erect still in her black draperies, in spite of fifty years. But Jane noticed that she looked—yes—more than a week older than when, a week ago, she had returned from the same long walk.

"When are you and William going to be settled, Jane? Have you fixed the great day?"

Then Jane deposited her mistress's belongings with incredible want of ceremony on the nearest chair, and astonished Miss Bridget by dropping on her knees by her side.

"O dear Miss Bridget, I can't leave you, and that's the truth. I couldn't never leave you and no one steady to look after things. I shouldn't never be happy thinking of you all alone. Perhaps I didn't ought to say it, but I couldn't help knowing when sometimes you was sad—we all has our sad times—and then 'twas a comfort just to do things for you and keep the house clean and sweet and peaceful. I couldn't never be happy thinking you mightn't be—looked after."

"Why—Jane!"

Miss Bridget's lips were tremulous and the very sweetest smile Jane had ever treasured shone in her tear-filled eyes.

"But—Jane! What about William? This is ridiculous, you know. Of course, I couldn't think of it for a moment."

"Oh, well, 'm, William's been talking again, him and me; and he says if you could still see your way to it, and could let us have the kitchen and a couple of rooms beside, why, 'twould suit us better than anything, and then there needn't

be no upsetting and you and me could go on just the same. I shouldn't know what to do in a cottage now I'm grown into the ways of a big house like . . . William's a bit set on it, 'm; and he's firm, William, as you know, when once his mind's made up."

It was the nearest approach to the lie direct Jane's recording angel ever entered on the singularly clean page of her Book of Life.

"Oh, Jane! Do you really mean that? I *should* like it. I should be so glad if you and William would come and live with me. It would be so—so—so neighbourly."

"I never didden think as 'twould answer," commented old Ann sometime after the wedding-day and settlement were facts accomplished; "William Trench bein' that pig-headed an' Jane Cox fair drivin' en into ut. But answered it have—wonderful well."

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

DR. HAY FLEMING AND FATHER FORBES-LEITH.

IN August, 1910, we took occasion of the publication by Dr. Hay Fleming of a useless pamphlet in defence of the late Coronation Oath to show the warping effects of anti-Catholic prejudice on a mind which professedly aims at historical impartiality. In that pamphlet Dr. Hay Fleming assumed the authenticity of that clumsy forgery, *The Hungarian Confession*, although it bears on the mendacious face of it its own sufficient refutation. Perhaps with a view of restoring his credit for historical acumen, Dr. Hay Fleming has recently sent us a severe review which he has written of Father Forbes-Leith's *Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century*.¹ We may grant that his talents are here more usefully exercised than in the attempted rehabilitation of bogus documents, but we regret to see no change in his tone, no sign of improvement in his controversial manners. Well-known as a painstaking student of Scottish history, he is equally prominent as a zealous opponent of Catholicism, and neglects no opportunity of showing up the shortcomings of the Scottish Catholic clergy in pre-Reformation days. Hence his vehemence against Father Forbes-Leith's volume, the subject of which is the merits and scholarly acquirements of sixteenth century ecclesiastics in Scotland.

Dr. Fleming begins by impugning Father Forbes-Leith's accuracy in spelling proper names, transcribing initials, quoting references, etc.—very legitimate and useful criticism as far as it goes, but pushed to far too great an extreme by the critic, as if such slips of the pen and oversights of the printer's reader could invalidate the whole work. He chooses to regard such mistakes as indicative of incompetence, if not of dishonesty, on the part of the author, and endeavours on such slender grounds to prejudice his readers against the book. The origin of many of these small mistakes and duplications of the names of Masters of Arts, is intelligible enough to

¹ See THE MONTH, June, 1915, p. 659.

a sympathetic mind. Father Forbes-Leith, who has long since passed his eightieth year, has been reading for these notes in spare moments extending over a generation, amid other work and during residence abroad. At first only old editions of registers, etc., were available, then those which were more modern. Revising old by new editions is a very complicated operation, and it is really very little wonder that some entries should have, under these circumstances, been confused, some doubled. To suggest, as Dr. Hay Fleming does very broadly, that these mistakes are an argument of bad faith, is itself a more serious lapse, a breach of the canons of fair criticism. But, after scoring sundry successes in this quarter, the critic's own cleverness is subsequently at fault in the more important region of historical argument. He contends, for instance, that the orders issued with *Hamilton's Catechism*, in 1552, viz., that the clergy were to *prepare carefully* the reading of the Catechism, is proof that Scottish "rectors, vicars and curates, were unable to read a printed book fluently a century after the invention of printing." This contention excellently illustrates the effect of prejudice. Dr. Hay Fleming *wants* to prove the old Scottish clergy crassly ignorant, and so he cannot see the difference between "reading" and "reading in public." What the statute in question really proves is that, although the clergy might be able to read printed books fluently, they still might "stammer and stumble," unless they practised reading in public. What wonder in that?

This is Dr. Hay Fleming's primary point. Here is one of less importance. Father Forbes-Leith's frontispiece is a photograph of the painted glass in the Parliament Hall, which represents James V. instituting the Court of Session, and Father Forbes-Leith praises this as "an enduring memorial of this event." This meticulous critic at once protests. The original Munich glass, it seems, has not always "endured" the Edinburgh atmosphere, and has had to be replaced, here and there, by Scotch glass!!! This, of course, is another instance of Father Forbes-Leith's inaccuracy! But it shows equally plainly his critic's incurable bias and determination to find fault. His religious prejudice is further illustrated by the remark; "These appointments [of children to benefices] were sanctioned by the infallible head of his Church." What, we may wonder, has infallibility to do with the confirmation of ecclesiastical appointments?

Dr. Hay Fleming has little to say about Father Forbes-Leith's "Introduction," and the mass of evidence collected there in support of his proposition. The author can quote many reputable historians, such as Andrew Lang, on his side: his critic ignores this fact, and also all the constructive work the volume contains. Father Forbes-Leith, in view of a second edition, will be grateful to him for pointing out so many clerical errors: on his part, he can afford to despise the intemperate animus which displays itself throughout the criticism in uncharitable innuendo and unscholarly abuse.

J. H. P.

THE "AVE" BEFORE ST. DOMINIC.

THE REV. FATHER D. MEZARD, O.P., who a few years since published a volume of five hundred pages on the Origins of the Rosary as a *Réponse*—we quote from the title page—*aux articles du Père Thurston, S.J. parus dans le Month. 1900 et 1901*, has thought well to reaffirm his former conclusions, this time in a lengthy magazine article, a copy of which, through the kindness of M. l'Abbé Boudinhon, has come into our hands.¹ For those who are able to compare this brochure with THE MONTH for February, 1913, to which it professes to make reply, we are quite content to leave the matter as we previously stated it. Père Mézard has attributed to us a number of arguments which we have never used or dreamed of using, and naturally he makes sport of them at his pleasure. But those who care to confront THE MONTH article with his rejoinder will easily see how the discussion stands, and, in any case, we have no idea of taking up our readers' time with tedious rectifications of points of detail. But there is one matter which it seems worth while to come back upon, both because it is a piece of evidence extremely important in itself and also because it affords an admirable and all-sufficient illustration of the mentality of our critic.

The point we refer to is the story told by the chronicler Hermann of Tournai concerning the Countess Ada of Avesnes. A translation of the whole passage will be found in the article already mentioned.² Here it is sufficient to note that Hermann, writing before 1146, recounts a legend according to which the Lady Ada was accustomed to repeat

¹ *St. Dominique et le Rosaire*, Extrait de la "Couronne de Marie," Bureaux du Rosaire, Place d'Helvétie 7, Lyon, pp. ii.—50.

² THE MONTH, Feb. 1913, pp. 172—173.

the full *Ave Maria* sixty times every day. Hermann further declares that this story was already widely-circulated in his youth (*i.e.*, before 1100), and that a certain nobleman, Gosceguinus, impressed by the results of the practice, had adopted it himself and taught his knights to do the same.

This piece of evidence is very unwelcome to Père Mézard, because it is practically fatal to his theory that the full mediæval *Ave Maria*, as well as the usage of repeating it many times in succession, was first popularized by St. Dominic after 1200 A.D. It should be noticed, in fact, that this testimony is 1) particularly early, for it carries the popular use of the full *Ave Maria* back into the eleventh century; 2) it explicitly mentions that the salutation of St. Elizabeth was joined to that of the angel; 3) it proves that the *Ave* was used by the laity; 4) it attests its repetition up to sixty times; 5) it mentions those genuflexions and changes of posture which again Père Mézard would have us think were peculiarly characteristic of St. Dominic.

Faced with this difficulty, Father Mézard calmly meets the situation by telling us that he believes the passage to be a forgery, or at least an interpolation, of later date.¹ Indeed, he seems to suggest (p. 14) that it was fabricated for the special use of the Bollandists, since no motive can be assigned for the invention of such a tale before any controversy existed. Further, we are assured that the story never saw the light until it was printed in the *Acta Sanctorum*; though he contradicts himself elsewhere by saying that the Benedictine d'Achéry published it first in 1723 and the Bollandists in 1737.² It is characteristic of the writer's free and easy methods that both dates are wrong. D'Achéry edited its whole chronicle in the seventeenth century and the Bollandists about the same time (1675) made known the legend of the Countess Ada, without however emphasizing on that occasion the bearing of the passage on the history of the Rosary. Further when Père Mézard twice declares³ that the Bollandists were the first to print the story he is again seriously in error. The whole legend of Ada is given at length by Jacques de Guyse in his *History of Hainault*, which appeared at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Here is a fragment of the French version, printed in 1532:

¹ "Je me demande si ce prétendu manuscrit n'est pas un faux fabriqué à une époque ultérieure," p. 15 and cf. p. 16, where there is talk of a "faussaire d'une époque plus tardive."

² Mézard, *Étude sur les Origines du Rosaire*, p. 38.

³ *Étude*, p. 38; *St. Dominique, etc.*, p. 14.

Cest la salutation angelique qui fut jadis le commencement de toute ma lyesse que de jour en jour elle me ramentoit lx fois, cestassavoir xx estandue contre terre, xx fois a genoulx et xx fois droicte, et ce fait elle en leglise, en sa chambre ou en quelque lieu secret, et la salutation est: Ave Maria gratia plena dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui.¹

The whole of the story of Ada of Avesnes, and much else from the same chronicle is translated in full, but it is useless to quote more here, as the only vital point before us is the question of the existence of the chronicle in the twelfth century. This is conclusively proved, as Père Mézard might have seen if he had studied the references given in the footnote on p. 173 of THE MONTH article, by the fact that the manuscript, No. 11603, in the library of Sir Thomas Philipps at Cheltenham, is written in a hand of the twelfth century throughout. The date is attested, not merely by G. Waitz and F. Liebermann in the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*,² but by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy³ and other competent authorities. There are other later copies, but this is the only manuscript of independent value. The legend of Ada of Avesnes, as anyone will see who reads the chronicle itself and not merely an extract, is woven into the whole texture of the narrative. If the passage was interpolated it was interpolated before the time of St. Dominic, for it is incredible that a scholar like Felix Liebermann, who collated the whole text at Cheltenham itself for the edition of 1883, should have failed to call attention to an interpolation of this magnitude in a handwriting of notably later date. But this extravagant suggestion of forgery would never have been made by a scholar accustomed to deal with such historical texts as are published in the *Monumenta*, and it is precisely the crudity of this solution, as well as the inability to distinguish between the truth of a story in itself and the fact that such a story was told, which enable us to estimate Père Mézard's contributions to the Rosary discussion at their true value.

H. T.

¹ Jacques de Guyse, *Les Chroniques et Annales de Haynnau*, Vol. III., fol. viii a. Paris, 1532.

² *Scriptores*, Vol. XIV., p. 267. The text is on pp. 298—299.

³ Hardy, *Descriptive Catalogue of MSS.*, i. 342; and cf. Potthast, *Bibliotheca*, i. 588.

II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Evils of War.

Much has been written about the purifying effects of war, how it inspires high ideals and elevates character, how it destroys selfishness, promotes unity, obliterates the follies of caste.

All this undoubtedly it does, and it is well to recall it for our consolation. But lest it should lead us to think less ill of this abominable survival of barbarism let us reflect that war brings out evil as well as good, accentuates weak points of character, gives scope for the growth of the worst passions. The really good are made better, the weak may or may not find strength, the vicious become more degraded. The morals of a crowd are always lower than those of its constituent elements, and in an army men are herded together in circumstances which set them free from many of the safeguards of decent living. Profanity, filthy conversation, drunkenness and loose conduct sadden and dishearten our chaplains when the actual crisis of battle has passed, however wonderful and consoling the visitations of God's grace at the front or in the hospital. The virtue of our soldiers is sometimes heroic: it had need be to make head against the forces that assail it—the insistent claims of mere physical needs, the strong sway of a low ethical ideal, the necessity of distraction from the horrors around. If conscience threatens to make a coward of a man, he may prefer to stifle conscience rather than to purify it.

As for the population not actually engaged in the war, again a certain proportion have risen to the occasion. The charity, which consists of giving money and service shines brightly all around us. It is calculated that about £28,000,000 have been subscribed to various relief funds, and there is no lack of voluntary workers whether in hospitals or other works of zeal. But against these are to be set those who endeavour to make exorbitant profit of their country's need, the brigands of commerce who but for the strong arm of the law would draw their evil gains from the misery of the poor.

Traitors in the Camp.

And there are votaries of Mammon who do not scruple to trade with the enemy and furnish him with the means of prolonging the war.

And the other traitors, now we trust nearly extinct, who at the beginning cheated the Government in their military contracts, caring not if their defenders suffered, so long as they filled their coffers. And the purveyors of illicit pleasures, night-clubs and gambling-hells, where soldiers in search of amusement might be fleeced of honour and money. All these

evil growths, already existing in peace-time, find a strong stimulus in war-conditions, and need constant vigilance to keep them down.

Moreover, amongst other vicious phenomena of the sort, we would class the fomenters of racial hatred, who, ignoring the brotherhood of man, wish to perpetuate for all time the feelings of hostility which the unjust aggression and manifold crimes of our adversaries have rightly provoked. The Germans began the war by a colossal violation of justice, and the same disregard for that virtue characterizes much of their military conduct. Many, no doubt, especially the leaders, are actuated by definitely immoral unchristian principles, but we cannot believe that the whole population of the Central Powers have similarly lost their souls. They have been for the most part, and are, completely and incurably misled.¹ And if they become aware of the truth, what chance have they under a military despotism of expressing their minds? Can we doubt that the German hierarchy would if allowed satisfy the reasonable demands of their episcopal brethren in Belgium? Accordingly, to foster hatred for Germans as Germans, irrespective of their personal misdeeds, is radically unchristian, and being so, is destructive of true national interests. Yet the Jingoistic press and such institutions as the Anti-German League constantly preach this immoral doctrine. The reason is they are militarist themselves in spirit, and reproduce with slight modifications the Prussian mentality. Writing in the current (Feb. 12th) *Saturday Review*, a lady, overflowing with "patriotism," states equivalently that she knew this war was coming on because she felt that, if she were a German, she would be so jealous of the British Empire that she would desire and work for its overthrow. And the German general, to whom she thus naively revealed herself, recognizing a kindred spirit, agreed that those were his sentiments exactly. They are the sentiments, alas! of a good many amongst us who do not realize the implications of their Christian profession.

**The Folly
of
Race-Hatred.**

This racial hatred prompts to the most foolish conclusions, one of them being the avowed determination "to crush German trade." Why, the whole hope of the world's future prosperity depends on each of the belligerent countries utilizing its productive capacity to the utmost. Unless German trade flourishes, Germany will not be able to make reparation for the wrong she has done Belgium. Nor will British trade recover itself if such an immense market as the Teutonic Empires is in any way less profitable to it. Besides, even if desirable, the attempt would be

¹ Details of the falsification of news about the Allies may be found in *Etudes*, December 5th, pp. 291, sqq.

futile. If at the height of hostilities nothing but force of law can prevent our commercialists from trading with the enemy, what likelihood is there of that sordid unpatriotic spirit being held in check when peace returns? We can do much to prevent unfair competition on the part of Germany, we can do something to improve our own business methods, and to spread that knowledge of physical science which is at the root of progress, but, so long as the ideal of money-making is widely prevalent in any nation, trade will ignore the suggestions of patriotism and readily seek the best markets. Let us, by all means, labour to destroy Prussianism, a task in which the German people must join if it is to be successful, but let us avoid the folly of thinking that we can permanently suppress and hold under a population of 120 millions, commercially or politically. "The German Government," as a *Times* writer appositely remarks,¹ "has the habit of justifying German doings by the sayings of English fools."

**Respect
for
Enemy Property.**

In marked contrast with this unsound and short-sighted policy is the regard for justice (and enlightened self-interest) shown by our treatment of enemy property in our possession.

It is now safely lodged, to the amount of £105,600,000, with the Public Trustee as Custodian. We cannot, of course, claim disinterestedness in this action, which is dictated mainly by business considerations; Germany, it must be remembered, holds property on a similar scale belonging to us. But there is something more chivalrous, if also business-like, in the stern discouragement applied by our President of the Publishers' Association to some attempts, which have come to his notice, to infringe the law of copyright in German books. International copyright is protected by the Berne Convention to which all civilized nations are parties, and to steal enemy books so guaranteed would be a breach of faith not only in regard to our enemies but also in regard to our co-signatories. It is pleasant to record that Mr. R. J. Smith, the President of the Publishers' Association, is able to declare that the German Börsenverein has similarly condemned thefts of English publications. It is something that even this scrap of international law is still held in honour by both sides. We are fighting for the observance of that law—and the law of God—in every department of human activity.

**Blockade
a matter
of Convention.**

International law is, of course, deeply involved in the Blockade Question, a matter on which it behoves non-experts to write with caution. As far as natural law is concerned, neutral nations

have a right to continue their relations with belligerents just as

¹ *Litt. Suppl.*, Jan. 20.

if they were not fighting. The only inconvenience which such neutrals must suffer arises from the inability of the belligerents to attend to non-belligerent business. But by universal agreement this natural right is circumscribed: any attempt made by neutrals to help one party to maintain the fight may be lawfully frustrated by the other party if he has the power. What is to be considered as calculated to prolong the struggle is also matter of convention: food and munitions for the armies are the most obvious, but the list of articles "contraband of war" is continually lengthening, for modern chemistry can extract from most materials some ingredient or other useful in the field. It is obvious that without clear understanding and good-will, nearly every neutral cargo provides material for a law-suit; consequently the matter should be left in the hands of those who have the requisite knowledge and experience. Naturally the more we can do to prevent the Central Empires from getting supplies from abroad the better. A blockade, even if it involves suffering to non-combatants, is justifiable on the same principles as justify the investment of a garrisoned town, and if we could, without infringement of real neutral rights, prevent *everything* from entering or leaving enemy territory it would be our business to do so. That neutrals should suffer as well as belligerents in a quarrel not their own has this much of justice about it—that all nations which have not striven for the abolition of war are to that extent rightly punished by its continuance. As long as war is on the whole profitable to the onlookers they will be less concerned about taking means to end it.

**Combatants
and
Non-Combatants.**

The controversy about the moral lawfulness of reprisals has broken out again in the *Times* and other papers, stimulated by the recent Zepelin raids. It maintains itself, like all similar controversies about simple issues, by irrelevant and one-sided reasoning with a certain flavouring of personalities. Until questions of fact are separated from questions of principle, and what is a violation of human convention from what is a violation of the divine law, there is no reason why it should ever stop. We only recur to it now to emphasize the inconvenience that will arise, if the distinction between combatants and non-combatants, which Christian influences brought after many years and with much difficulty into international law (it is embodied even in the German War-Book), should be obliterated. One result would be, as we pointed out in January, that Germany's submarine policy and practice might be held to be justified. No one can doubt the immense military benefit she gains from interference with the Allies' trade. Every enemy merchant or passenger ship sunk is so much to her advantage. Nor need she scruple about the

presence of neutral persons or property on board such ships. They are there at their own risk, in defiance of her express warning that she meant thus to exercise her belligerent rights. And so the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the *Ancona*, the *Arabic*, the *Persia*, crimes which the conscience of mankind, as voiced by President Wilson in many a weighty despatch, has stigmatized as inevitably violating "many sacred principles of justice and humanity," as "illegal and inhuman," as "manifestly indefensible," as involving questions of "principle" not of "expediency," may turn out to be not sinful though barbarous, and Germany be justified in conscience as well as in policy, if nation is to be conceived as arrayed against nation, and no distinction made between the military and the purely civilian class. It would be better if all Christians strove by word and example to maintain the Christianization of warfare as far as it has got, and to confine the conflict to those actively engaged in hostilities. Otherwise the specious plea of military expediency may ultimately be held to cover the grossest barbarities, such as using enemy civilians as a screen for a hostile advance, etc.

Public opinion, as indicated by the *Times* correspondence and various public utterances, notably a joint declaration by the Anglican Episcopate,¹ seems now to be predominantly on the side of "clean fighting."

**All is not fair
in War.**

In one of his earlier notes in the *Lusitania* controversy, President Wilson argued that if the submarine cannot with security to itself capture or sink enemy merchant vessels and at the same time provide for the safety of the crew and passengers, it should not on those occasions be employed at all. He maintained, that is, that there are times and circumstances when certain weapons of offence cannot be used without violation of law. And in this he was only giving expression to a declaration to be found in the United States [Military?] "Instructions" to this effect—"Men who take up arms against one another in public warfare do not cease on this account to be moral beings, responsible to one another and to God."² We may remark that this is the only instance we have met with in these modern codes, war-books, law-books and what not, wherein reference is made to God, the source and standard of all morality. Until that reference is made universally, the whole question will remain in the greatest confusion, for men will endlessly dispute about the existence or force of treaties, whereas the bearing of the Ten Commandments remains fairly plain.

¹ The Anglican Bishops record their conviction "that the principles of morality forbid a policy of reprisal which has as a deliberate object the killing or wounding of non-combatants." From a resolution in Convocation, Feb. 17th, there being one dissentient.

² Art. 16, quoted by Dr. Pearce Higgins in *War and the Private Citizen* (1912)

It would seem from results that Zeppelins at their present stage of evolution must be debarred, like submarines, from indiscriminate use by any civilized and Christian power. They are obliged for their own safety to work in the dark and at a great height and, even if we accept the statement of Major Moraht in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that their object is a genuine military one and not merely "to disturb the civilian population or to commit brutal murders of defenceless women and children," the impossibility of seeing where they are or what they are aiming at proves that military advantage can only be obtained by accident.

**The Drink
Problem.**

The reports of the Central Control Board show that public drunkenness has been very much reduced by the restrictions on the sale of strong drink. The reductions in convictions vary from 63 per cent in the Midland area to 37 per cent in the North-East Coast area. Figures in Scotland are less satisfactory, but even there a substantial decrease has been effected. All this results in diminished crime and greater working capacity, but unhappily there is considerable evidence to show that excess in private drinking is on the increase. A London magistrate recently declared that it was now the "off licences" that were responsible for excessive drinking. This is a natural effect when public opinion lags behind legislation. There is need of a moral appeal as well as legislative guidance and support, if habits and ideals are to be permanently changed. However, these new control laws have a frankly utilitarian object: they are not meant to inculcate temperance but to promote efficiency in war work. Attempts at evasion are to be expected, and hence the need of further legislation. The Government have not yet tried the experiment of curtailing manufacture. As long as strong drink is made it will find its way to those that crave for it, but if the supply is diminished, not only will an immense saving in food-stuffs, sugar, barley, etc., be effected, but moderation in consumption will become necessary.

**Growth of
Prohibition in
U.S.A.**

Meanwhile it is singular to note the growth of the policy of total Prohibition in that land of liberty, the United States, although it has not the stimulus of war-necessities to prompt it. We have always held that Prohibition by majority vote is an abuse of authority, except in such communities as are so debased by alcoholic indulgence that no other remedy is feasible. However, in the States they apparently aim at prevention rather than cure. An American contemporary reports that at the end of 1915 the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drink became illegal in seven more States of the Union, bringing the number of

"dry" States up to 18 (out of a total of 50). Another is due to "go dry" in November, whilst in five more States and the Territory Alaska the question of prohibition will be put to the vote in the course of this year. More knowledge than statistics afford or the reports of rival advocates is necessary to form a sound judgment on this complicated subject, but one significant set of figures seems to indicate that prohibitive laws fail of their main effect—the reduction of the consumption of alcoholic liquors. That consumption has grown steadily *per head* for the last fifty years, in spite of the area under prohibition growing steadily during the same time. Everything points to the necessity of combining moral education with legal restriction if the drink problem is to be satisfactorily solved.

Women and Drink.

It is impossible to deny, in face of the testimony of the clergy and other observers, that in certain quarters growth in prosperity has led to men and women wasting their substance in excessive drinking. Attention is chiefly focussed on the women, both because animal indulgence is more deplorable in the more spiritual sex, and because home and children suffer more from the neglect of the mother than of the father. No one wishes to push the indictment further than the evidence goes, nor arraign a whole class, such as soldiers' wives, on account of the misconduct of some. In one sense the intemperance which is to be deplored is also very natural. Given a hard and monotonous life in degrading surroundings on the one hand, and on the other sudden though comparative affluence—it is only to be expected that those so circumstanced should seek compensation for past want and toil in the only place connected in their minds with enjoyment, the public-house. It ill behoves those brought up in decency and comfort to cast stones at such unfortunates, still less to condemn in them sins which those in higher station commit unchecked and unrebuked. Our vast unpropertied populations have no notion of thrift, having never had the chance of exercising it. Yet they are not so improvident as they seem. Their women buy clothes and jewelry and furs and pianos with the unwonted wealth that they earn or receive, because such things represent to them capital which can be realized later in the pawnshop: it is their one idea of property. Unhappily others, not so far-sighted, spend much of their money in drink. The problem is—what *immediate* remedy can be applied: what can be done to meet the emergency, pending that radical revolution in the social conditions of the workers that justice demands? The State cannot allow the neglected children, its future citizens, to perish or to be stunted by neglect. Some earnest reformers recommend compulsory thrift, the payment, that is, of part of wages or al-

lowances due in war-coupons not immediately negotiable, and they may plead, to escape the odium of class-legislation, that the persons affected are, in effect, children, socially or "civically" considered, and need education such as children receive. Still, so long as the well-to-do may neglect their civic duty, waste their money, shift their parental responsibilities on to the shoulders of others, and yet escape the interference of the law, the efforts of the State to curtail the liberties of the poor must always be suspect. It is a difficulty which hampers all social reform, and which the State has brought on itself by usurping the place of the Church and endeavouring to dispense with the educative and restraining influences of religion.

**Economy and
Economics.**

The nation as a whole is taking very slowly to the notion of thrift, and drastic taxation will probably be necessary to put a check to personal extravagance. Yet we are not wholly to be blamed, for we have waited long for two things—clear and definite instruction in the economics of saving, a very complicated and involved question,¹ and secondly an emphatic lead from the authorities themselves and the well-to-do generally,—both of which motives for action we are still lacking. An important article in the February *Athenæum*, which in its monthly form retains its old appearance but has now space for very thorough treatment of practical questions, supplies a good deal of the information needed, and shows how many popular but erroneous notions have to be cleared away before "Economy and Economics" can be really understood. The essence of saving does not lie in not spending money but in spending it to some advantage. It is not a virtue only to be practised in war-time, but makes for national strength at all times. Saving is the opposite to waste, and waste means useless, or comparatively useless, expenditure. Moreover, it is waste to leave much of the material of production unnecessarily unutilized. It is rather a shock to learn from Professor Bottomley, Secretary of the Land Colonization Society, that the area of cultivatable but wasted land in Great Britain exceeds the combined cultivated acreage of Holland, Denmark, and Belgium! It is highly uneconomical to allow the means of transport to be conducted in the present fashion, when, in spite of many railway agreements, the upkeep of the various railway boards and clearing-houses, the duplication of services, the unused rolling stock, etc., involve us in an unnecessary yearly expenditure, according to Mr. Hyndman,² of £150,000,000.

¹ Lord Devonport not long ago ventured to draw up a list of superfluities, and immediately the papers were flooded by protests from the interests affected, each claiming to prove that it should not appear on such a list.

² *Nineteenth Century*, February.

The impending Budget will, we hope, teach us to get good value for our money and to utilize all our resources. To that extent the millions squandered in the war will not have been wholly wasted, and if we learn besides to respect labour, to detest idleness, to forgo mere luxury, to cherish justice towards God and man, the lesson will be very cheap at the price.

**Prussian
Dynamitards.**

In nothing has the utter immorality of the Prussian ideal of Welt-Politik been more clearly displayed than in the details discovered in the von Papen correspondence. They show that Germany had begun to wage war long before August, 1914, that her officials were commonly spies, that she was ready to use, as her emissaries are using to-day in America and Canada, the weapons of the anarchist, to bribe criminals, to organize industrial troubles, to secure *per fas et nefas* whatever advantage fraud and violence could win for the Fatherland. No doubt, the secret service of every country abounds in discreditable plans and actions; such is the inevitable outcome of their unchristian jealousy and hostility. But in no case has expediency so completely ousted right as in the plottings and crimes of Germany's agents. The presence of such an ideal in any one nation is an effectual bar to the establishment of human brotherhood; it is wholly of the earth, or rather, of the infernal regions, for it enshrines jealousy and hatred as international ideals.

**Anti-clericalism
in
France.**

It is characteristic of the spirit in which official France till lately was governed, and which in places has not been fully exorcised, that a circular issued by General Joffre at the beginning of last month, insisting on the right of soldiers in hospital to the free exercise of their religion should have been necessary. It is also significant of the tolerance with which any measure calculated to injure Catholicism is regarded by other so-called religious bodies that the iniquitous repression of religion in France should have excited no protest in other lands before the war. Of all forms of persecution that which is directed to depriving stricken men of the consolations of their faith is surely the most diabolical. Yet it is not so long since that was the rule in France, so far as its infidel Government could establish it, in hospitals of all sorts and in every department of civil and military life. The war has not wholly banished that spirit. Happily for our peace of mind extracts from the French atheist press are not published in this country, but they are published in Germany, and they confirm the belief of Christians there that the Allied cause represents the forces of secularism and irreligion.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Extreme Unction; Validity of the Short Form established [Rev. M. J. O'Donnell in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Jan. 1916, p. 28].

Genesis and Science [E. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, Jan. 22, 29, 1916, pp. 31, 41].

Papacy, The International Rôle of the [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Jan. 20, 1916, p. 145].

Religion, The Need of Supernatural [John Ashton, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1916, p. 209].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism; Mr. Athelstan Riley's theory refuted [*Tablet*, Jan. 29, 1916, p. 138; S. F. Smith in *Month*, Feb. 1916, p. 173].

False Decretals again [S. F. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, Feb. 1916, p. 173].
Hegel's Philosophy, The Futility of [Dr. E. T. Shanahan in *Catholic World*, Feb. 1916, p. 619].

Pacifism, False [Prior McNabb in *America*, Feb. 5, 1916, p. 393].

Pope; Defence of his denunciation of Methodist Proselytizers in Rome on Dec. 21, 1915: the *Times* convicted of bigotry and ignorance [*Examiner* (Bombay), Jan. 8, 1916, p. 11]. Pope, The, and Peace [Yves de la Brière in *Etudes*, Feb. 5, 1916, p. 312].

Socialist Propaganda in U.S.A. [D. Goldstein in *The Queen's Work*, Feb. 1916, p. 53].

Theosophists, The Latest Split amongst the [H. Thurston in *Month*, March, 1916, p. 246].

Wales, The Church of, and the Holy See [*Tablet*, Feb. 26, 1916, p. 266].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Fiction, The Catholic view in [May Bateman in *Catholic World*, Feb. 1916, p. 577].

Infant Mortality, Preventable ["The Crying Need" by May Bateman in *Catholic Women's League Magazine*, Feb. 1916, p. 1].

Oblates of Mary, The Centenary of [R. F. O'Connor in *Catholic World*, Feb. 1916, p. 65].

Padroado, Account of the [*Examiner* (Bombay), Jan. 15, 1916, p. 24].

Papacy, Italian Catholics and the: a French estimate discussed [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Feb. 15, 1916, p. 323].

Priests in Catholic Church, Shortage of [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Tablet*, Feb. 12, 1916, p. 202].

Prophecy of Brother Joannes; its origin [E. Mangelot in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Feb. 1, 1916, p. 193].

War, Some lessons from the [J. J. Walsh in *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 656].

REVIEWS

1—THE LIFE OF BISHOP JOHN WORDSWORTH¹

THE Life of Dr. John Wordsworth, who was Bishop of Salisbury from 1885 to 1911, is the life of an Anglican divine and prelate in whom the best characteristics of the type were strongly marked. He was interesting in the first place in view of his family connexion on both sides with men whose intellectual and administrative talents caused them to take a conspicuous part in English public life, for whilst on his paternal side he was a Wordsworth, on his maternal side he was a Frere. Then he was a classical scholar of the first rank who had attained to important distinctions at Oxford and done important educational work there. During the twenty-six years of his episcopate at Salisbury, he proved himself an active administrator of his diocese, and also held a foremost place in the counsels of his fellow-prelates, who got into the way of calling him the referee of the Bishops. The task of writing his Life has been assigned to Dr. E. W. Watson, the present Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and therefore also Canon of Christ Church. It was a natural choice, for Dr. Watson was a clergyman of the next generation whom Bishop Wordsworth had drawn to Salisbury, where he spent many years, being attached to the Diocesan Missionary Society, of which he was appointed the Warden. That Dr. Watson has discharged his office very ably will be the judgment of his readers, for, furnished as he has been with rich and ample materials, he has drawn a vivid but discriminating portrait of John Wordsworth, which makes him live in his pages. We can only find room for a word or two on this point, but let us refer to the following passage which is set down in the final estimate by Mr. Johnston, the last of the Bishop's private secretaries:

Continuity and solidarity were two notes of his mind, the one expressing the historic sense, the other the social sense, but both finding their root in a common instinct. Fellowship was a word always on his lips, it realised itself in the communion of saints

¹ By E. W. Watson, D.D. London: Longmans. Pp. viii, 409. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1915.

and the brotherhood of men. . . . In spite of his love of detail and fact he was a confirmed idealist. Nothing else could have made him take so patient and faithful an interest in the possibilities of eccentric and doubtful sects and persons. His thrift in trifles, e.g. removing unused stamps from envelopes, saving pieces of twine from parcels [contrasted with] his almost reckless generosity in great things. His subscription list was a marvel. . . . The Bishop's mode of reading, at least in his latter days, was curious. He would apparently in the most aimless way, pick a book out of the shelves and read for two or three minutes, perhaps carrying on a conversation in the meantime; he would then restore the book to its place. It would seem that nothing could be gained by so desultory a method, but in those few minutes every fact was seized and arranged and laid in place for future use.

This estimate of his powers is, we imagine, not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but evidently he had a singular strength and accuracy of memory. For instance, another witness, Chancellor Bernard, remarked in him a quite extraordinary power of enduring interruptions whilst he was writing or speaking. He would allow himself to be drawn off continually to extraneous subjects, and could, when free again, take up the thread of his own thought at the exact point, or even sentence, at which he had left it. This enabled him to make full use of his immense stock of learning, but perhaps, says Mr. Johnston, "caused him to go too often to the Fathers or the Reformation divines for light on matters which he could have decided as well or better by his unaided common sense." On the other hand, he was by habit or nature very liable to become *distract*, and, under the influence of this defect, to misapprehend altogether the nature of those with whom he was speaking, as when he told the boy from the orphanage, who had come on a temporary job to help the gardener in weeding the Bishop's garden, to "be sure and keep up his Latin as it would be useful for him in his study of botany," or when to the impressionable young man about to enter on his University life, and asking for a little good counsel from one so experienced, he gave as his sole bit of advice to "be careful not to ruin his digestion by drinking too much tea." To this tendency to distractions must also, perhaps, be ascribed his brusqueness of manner, which sometimes repelled newcomers, until they got to know him, for they then found out he was the soul of kindness in deed as well as in word.

Mr. Johnston mentions another of the Bishop's mental limitations:

The intellectual difficulties of the day never touched him; they were outside his vision altogether. He lived too much in a world of his own to realise by sympathetic imagination what were the doubts or the hopes strong in the minds of the younger men. Practical sympathy he was always ready to give; intellectual sympathy he could not often bestow. He accepted the truths of the Gospel, and he was convinced that they rested on sufficient authority. He distrusted philosophy, though in his Bampton Lectures he had shown a decided interest in speculative thought. But this avenue in his mind seemed later to be entirely closed.

Perhaps we may generalize this criticism, and say that Bishop John Wordsworth did not easily take in the other side of a question on which he felt strongly. What is recorded of him in this biography seems to justify such a generalization. He developed an interest in Canon Law, which was quickened by the part he had to take in helping Archbishop Benson to prepare himself for his hearing of the Lincoln case. He had already, in 1888, suggested to Canon Bright of Christ Church that steps should be taken to found a professorship of Canon Law at Oxford. Canon Bright had responded that the attempt was useless, as no one in England knew enough about it. And no wonder, for Henry VIII. suppressed the professorship of Canon Law at Oxford, which is, we believe, the reason why Oxford can only give a degree in Civil Law, a D.C.L., not an LL.D., or Doctorship of *both* Laws. A system of Law is possible only so far as there is supreme authority to impart juridical force to the legislation, and what Henry did was to abolish the belief of there being any other spiritual supreme head than the civil sovereign. Hence what Bishop Wordsworth took to be Canon Law was the collection of Catholic disciplinary Decrees which he was fond of hunting up in writers like Lyndwood, Van Espen, and Barbosa. He did not see that for him, whose supposition was that there is no Pope, these decrees could be no more than suggested rules of action which he was free to take or leave as he chose, but which in England were accepted by the ecclesiastical lawyers only as laws of the State in its ecclesiastical department. A more crucial instance in which he failed to understand others was in his endeavours to do reunion work. He got into touch with many extraordinary people, as the Old Catholics in Germany, the

Jansenists of Holland, the leaders of the Swedish Protestant Church, a small Italian Schism led by a Count Campello, and a small set of Italians in Clerkenwell, who had a quarrel with their clergy. His prejudice against Rome made him smile on these people, but some of them proved quite unworthy, and with others he was at cross purposes, because he could not understand them nor they him. In the famous negotiations over the Anglican Orders question, Bishop John Wordsworth gave a further example of this same mental limitation. He took an active part in the affair, and in fact wrote the reply to the Bull, *Apostolicae Curae*, which was eventually issued in the name of the two Archbishops, under the title of the *Responsio*. His draft was written out in the train on the very day that he was asked to draw up the document, and the text itself, so far as it came from his hands, was finished in less than a fortnight. That was quick work indeed. But what is chiefly remarkable is that, though professing to base its arguments on premisses admitted by the Catholic authorities, it hopelessly misunderstands them. One must not omit from this notice a mention of what is likely to be the most lasting of the works undertaken by Bishop Wordsworth, namely, his revision of the Vulgate text of the Bible. The chapter devoted to this subject is written by Dr. H. J. White, the Bishop's collaborator in the enterprise.

2—THE ORTHODOX EASTERN CHURCH¹

THESE two little volumes are published by the S.P.C.K., but for the Anglican and Eastern Association, a Society of comparatively recent formation, which makes it its endeavour to promote good feeling and mutual understanding between the great Orthodox Church of the East and the Anglican Church. We believe we are correct in adding that it repudiates the notion that in thus seeking a *rapprochement* with the East, it wishes to prejudice the movement for a similar *rapprochement* in the West; and we know, in fact, that some of the members of the A.E.A. take an active interest in the work of the Guild of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of which the Rev. Spencer Jones is the President.

¹ (1) *The Russian Church*. Lectures on its History and Constitution. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of London. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1915.

(2) *Intercommunion with the Eastern Orthodox Church*. By the Rev. R. W. Burnie. Published by the S.P.C.K. Pp. 58. Price, 1s. net. 1915.

For a Society of this kind which aims at promoting a better understanding between East and West, it seems to us that we should extend our sympathy. We may think that, incidentally, in some of its publications it is not altogether fair to the Holy See, and to the spirit in which that See has consistently tried to act for the healing of the schism. But that surely we should be ready to overlook for the sake of an endeavour to promote understandings between earnest persons in England and the East, which being inspired by the wish to restore unity in Christendom, may hope for the blessing of God.

The first of these two books, entitled the *Russian Church*, consists of four lectures on that Church delivered, it is not said where, by four gentlemen, all but one clergymen, on four aspects of the Russian Church; the companion volume, which is sent with this, is a lecture given several times in 1914 on the direct question of promoting intercommunion between the Russian and the Anglican Church. To refer first to Mr. W. J. Birkbeck's lecture on the Doctrine of the Russian Church. He lays great stress on a theory of Church organization, which he speaks of as though it were the more or less official doctrine of the Russian theologians, but we believe it is a mere theory of Professor Khomiakoff, and is moreover hard indeed to understand. The Church "is a living organization of faith and love, or as one of them puts it, 'faith and love as an organization'; the Body of which Christ is the Head, and of which all those who have been, are, or shall be, brought into it are members; fulfilling itself indeed in time . . . but a true and substantial unity. It is to the whole Body, and not to the hierarchy apart from the rest of the Body that the custody of the faith is committed; even in the case of a General Council . . . it is only when the Church as a whole accepts its decisions as the expression of her own belief that they become binding upon the whole Church." On this theory the Church must indeed require time in which to fulfil herself, and a very long time too. But what does it all mean? Why explain it so vaguely? That the spirit of faith and love should permeate the organization of the Church, and combine together pastors and flock we all agree, but that is not a particularly distinctive quality to emphasize. In what features does the organization of this faith and love display itself? Mr. Burnie writes on the Constitution of the Russian Church. He has very little to say

about it definitely, but evidently feels the difficulty of defending the legitimacy of the establishment of the Patriarchate at Moscow in 1589, and still more that of the Holy Governing Synod in 1721. Mr. Fynes-Clinton gives an account of the ceremonial and ritual of the Russian Church, which shows insight. Mr. Percy Dearmer's lecture in this volume is on the History of the Russian Church, and therefore covers the same ground as does Mr. Burnie in the volume on Intercommunion, except that the latter comprises a longer stretch of time, and goes into the origins of the separation of the Eastern Patriarchs from the Holy See. Mr. Burnie's account of the circumstances of the separation is not very adequate. Speaking of the schism under Photius, he glides over the iniquitous behaviour of this man in procuring an unreal vacancy and obtruding himself as a successor, he who was up to the very moment of his illegitimate nomination by the Emperor, a mere layman, and quite unable to cover his action by the example of St. Ambrose, who received what was regarded as a providential call. Photius, in fact, showed himself throughout this episode of his life a self-seeking intriguer, whilst St. Nicholas showed himself perfectly straight and loyal. All this Mr. Burnie slurs over. Nor does he state fairly the motives given by Photius for initiating the schism. "The chief burden of his 'encyclical letter' was [not] the denial of the growing pretensions," but the four trivial points of Western usage, of which Mr. Burnie remarks justly that "they do not strike the Western mind as of [serious] importance."

3—AN INTRODUCTION TO HOLY SCRIPTURE¹

CANON ROMEO, who is Professor of Holy Scripture in the Archiepiscopal Seminary at Catania in Sicily, has published and dedicated to his pupils the Lectures on General Introduction to Holy Scripture he delivered to them there. It is quite natural that a Professor should thus wish to publish the lectures on which he has spent much labour sweetened to him by the interest he has felt in training therewith some young minds. To them on the other hand the offering thus made to them is sure to be appreciated, as being a reminder

¹ *Introduzione alla Sacra Scrittura.* By Canonico Salvatore Romeo. Turin: Libreria...della Buona Stampa. Pp. 232. Price, l. 2.50. 1915.

that will be with them through life of the foundations on which their earliest acquaintance with the study of the Bible has been laid, and an aid also to the accuracy of their conceptions. Whether such books are likely to be of service to a wider public depends on what there is of distinctive in one or another among them, for after all the track for a lecturer on General Introduction to follow is sufficiently marked out to be a common route for all, while the books in which one can find what one needs to know about the subject have become numerous. One can say of the specimen of the class which has been sent to us for review that it is a good, handy, and perfectly orthodox manual to put into the hands of an ecclesiastical student. It gives a compendious and accurate account of the history of the Canon both of the Old and the New Testament, it discusses the question whether it is conceivable that an inspired book should be lost, the questions that can arise as to the languages in which the sacred books have been written, and the still extant manuscripts of ancient date that contain their text. These are the contents of the First Part. In the Second Versions, Hermeneutics and Inspiration are joined under one general heading. In the Third Part there is a short but fairly accurate account of the Rationalistic Criticism of the Bible which has been tending to destroy the traditional faith during the last century and a half. Being written for neophytes in the study of Scripture, it was inevitable that in this part the author should go through the succession of theories that have been broached by these critics one after another and then set aside, from the time of Reimarus, that is Lessing, the author of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, through Paulus, Strauss, and Baur. These theories are absolutely dead now, but they are facts in the history of this movement, and the younger readers must know of them, if only that they may be able to understand the true inwardness of the process whereby, in the hands of the more modern generation of rationalists, Bousset, Jülicher, Sabatier, and Loisy, compelled on the one side by the candid criticism of Harnack and on the other by the fatal logic of the Dutch School, the course of this ultra-rationalistic movement is hastening to its own destruction. It is indeed a signal testimony to the validity of the Catholic tradition of the sacred books that the movement that undertook to uproot it should be thus effectually refuting itself, and it is encouraging to young minds to have this pointed out

to them, as Canon Romeo strives to do, in his short section devoted to this subject.

It is for the individual writers on Introduction, following the beaten track, to single out a few favourite points for fuller treatment. Such for Canon Romeo are the Muratorian Fragment, the formation of the Hebrew Language in its relation to the Aramaic, and the proofs of inspiration. It is doubtless because of its quite recent settlement that he gives so much space to the question of implicit citations. But we should like to see some of our writers of the present period doing a little constructive work on the concept of inspiration itself. The distinction between inspiration and revelation on which Franzelin insisted is by now established, and the position gained that the former does not necessarily presuppose the latter. But there is room for much profitable work in determining the extent to which revelation must be presupposed as indispensable to guard historical statements from error even of the minutest kind, when it falls under inspiration.

4—THE EXISTENCE AND NATURE OF GOD¹

THE subject of this book should be of interest to thoughtful and earnest minds everywhere, and yet the abstruse character of its arguments cannot but repel all save the select few who have a taste for severe metaphysical thought, together with the gifts and training necessary for understanding it. For these latter the study of Père Garrigou-Lagrange's bulky volume will well repay the time and patience spent upon it. As it is a treatise on the arguments for the existence and nature of God, as laid down by St. Thomas Aquinas in the first part of his *Summa Theologica*, students who have passed through a Catholic theological course may be assumed to be familiar with its character. But it is by no means to be classed with the many manuals of Catholic philosophy that such students have had to struggle with in the past, with the feeling that they have much valuable matter to communicate, if only in communicating it they would show some condescension to the immaturity of young minds. It is true that even the author under review leaves much to be desired in this respect, but he makes a great advance on the

¹ *Dieu, son existence et sa nature*. Solution des antinomies agnostiques. By Père Garrigou-Lagrange. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. 770. Price, 10 frs. 1915.

older writers in his endeavour to explain fundamental conceptions, and throughout he keeps in view and frequently refers to the modern exponents of the adverse opinions, so that the names not only of Kant, Hegel, Comte, and Spencer, which are of course indispensable, but of Renouvier, Le Roy, Bergson, William James, Blondel, Loisy, and others figure largely on his pages.

St. Thomas gives five proofs of the existence of God, or rather five types to which all proofs having this aim are reducible—the proofs from change (in the sense of passage from potentiality to act), from being, from contingency, from grades of perfection, from order. These are five characteristics that pervade the universe in which we live, and to which we belong. They are then facts, and as such supply grounds of inference from which conclusions can be reached by rational deduction as to the existence of those other things which by their own existence they presuppose. From the potentiality involved in change we can deduce the existence of a being which, itself eternally in act, is the ultimate cause of change in all else that is; from being of any kind that we find in the universe we can deduce the existence of a First Cause, which is ultimately the cause of all other existent beings; from the contingency which manifests itself in things that are born and corrupt, which may be or may not be, we can deduce the existence of a necessary being which, itself essentially existent, can alone explain the actual existence of the contingent being of others; from the grades of perfection in being which we find to be arranged in the universe on a hierarchical scale we can deduce the existence of a being whose perfection is without limit, in other words is infinite, and is therefore the source through which all other beings receive their respective limits or grades; from the existence of order which holds together in themselves and in their mutual relations the different beings that form the cosmos, we can deduce the existence of a supreme intelligence which can alone explain this all-pervading order.

Here then we have a massive argument for the existence of God, the premisses for which are drawn not from the marks of design which are visible in the study of physics or astronomy, though these of themselves suffice notwithstanding the criticism of the Darwinians, but from characteristics that cannot fail to be observed in all the beings that compose the universe. The arguments raised on this foundation

are not really difficult to take in with a little patient study spent on the author's exposition, but the terminology of scholasticism, admirable, indeed indispensable, as it is, to fix down accurately the distinctions of thought, does of course require to be learnt. The objection against this five-fold proof most to the fore in our own days is that drawn from the idealism chiefly associated with the philosophy of Kant, the objection that possibly, for aught we know to the contrary, first principles such as the principle of causality, on which so much speculative reasoning is based, may be true only for *phenomena* not for *noumena*, to which last category the conception of God must be referred. This is a point which cannot be considered here, but Père Garrigou-Lagrange goes into it thoroughly in all its forms.

These five lines of proof are capable of being carried further for the establishment of the attributes of God, and it is with this extension of the inference that Père Garrigou-Lagrange's second part is occupied. But after giving him this clue we must leave the reader to work out this branch of the subject for himself. Just one word, and only one word, of reference to the portion of his book in which the author comes across the question of the harmony of the doctrine of man's free will with that of the supremacy of God over all second causes. As a Dominican, the author throws down the gauntlet to Molinism, and reasserts the Thomist, or, as we should prefer to say, the Bannesian doctrine on this point. But we cannot do more here than say that, though we have always found it hard to understand how Bannesianism can account for the reality of man's free will, we hold it to be all to the good that there should be books like this in which that doctrine is advocated as against Molinism with acumen and thoroughness. We will finish by thanking Père Garrigou-Lagrange for this strikingly full and searching treatise, which is a valuable addition to our theological literature.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

THE Redemptorist Father Ferreol Girardey has republished under the title of **The Catholic Faith** (Herder: 6d. net), a valuable series of articles he contributed some time ago to an American magazine. Apologetic and explanatory in their purpose they are, as anything of Father Girardey's was bound to be, especially theological and spiritual in tone. As such they make a booklet particularly suitable for the needs of seekers

after the Truth who are of the more thoughtful type, or who seek in the Church a fuller development of their devotional life.

Sabetti's *Compendium Theologiæ Moralis* (Herder: 14s. net) rivals in popularity the larger work of Father Lehmkuhl on the same subject. It originally was a digest fitted for American use of Ballerini's lengthy treatise which itself was an amplification of Gury's original; its *provenance* thus showing how very traditional the study of Moral is. The work of each editor is to accommodate and apply the great principles of his subject to his own time and circumstances. The edition before us is the 23rd, and is brought out by Father T. Barrett, S.J., Father Sabetti's successor in the Chair of Moral at Woodstock. It is a finely printed and clearly arranged volume, brought thoroughly up to date, especially as regards the new matrimonial legislation, and although the treatment is necessarily very concise, there are few cases where it is inadequate. The article *De Bello* is one of these, and we trust that Father Barrett, in producing the 24th Edition, will treat more at large of the many important questions arising out of a war like the present.

The great translation of the *Summa of St. Thomas* (Washbourne), issued by the Dominican Fathers of the English Province, pursues its course with admirable regularity. The volume before us contains the second division of *Prima Secundæ*, the treatise on habits which occupies so large a share of the moralist's attention. The translation is as literal as possible consistent with intelligibility, and notes are occasionally added to remove obscurity.

The third and concluding volume of Father Bamberg's *Popular Sermons on the Catechism* (Washbourne: 6s. net) has recently been issued, and the preacher and catechist have now at their disposal an excellent compendium of instruction on matters of ordinary Catholic faith and practice. The various points of doctrine are carefully prepared for ready assimilation, and a variety of apt illustrations drives them home.

Bishop Dunne, of Peoria, has translated from the Italian of the Rev. G. Finco a volume of *Homilies on All the Sunday Gospels* (Herder: 4s. 6d. net). The Right Rev. Translator, who has not hesitated to alter or omit passages of his text for the sake of English readers, vouches for these discourses possessing at least two of the qualities necessary for pastoral effect, viz., simplicity and brevity. Here, at any rate, the Gospel is preached, not the attainments or the opinions of the preacher.

DEVOTIONAL.

Father Joseph Conroy's *Talks to Boys* (*The Queen's Work*, St. Louis: 50 cents) are, like certain Sunday services, "bright, breezy and brotherly." They put high ideals of character before his audience in such a homely way, with such a wealth of shrewd observation and in so familiar a language that boys will hardly recognize they are being "talked" to, but will assimilate the doctrine without reluctance or suspicion. Incidentally, it is interesting for British folk to notice with what an abundant store of metaphors the American national game of baseball has provided the language. The illustrations are better in conception than execution.

Apparently a production of his Anglican days, and now issued by his Anglican friends, Father Maturin's "short considerations on the seven Words," published under the title, *The Fruits of Prayer* (Longmans: price 3d. net), will be heartily welcomed by Catholics. The notes are

of the slightest, but each is a little gem of deep thought and restrained feeling. His old friend, Father Congreve, of Cowley, contributes a few touching words of personal reminiscences by way of preface.

BIOGRAPHICAL

The **Memoirs of Sister Mary of Mercy Kéruef**, by "M.A.M." (Sands and Co.: 3s. 6d. net), is another of those stories of present-day sanctity which have formed so notable a feature of the Church's life in our own times. This holy Religious of the Good Shepherd, whose short life of thirty years came to a close in 1910, was, like her contemporaries, Sister Teresa, Sister Elizabeth and the rest, favoured with the extraordinary favours and tried with the extraordinary trials of the great mystics and saints, and her life is indeed a pledge that God's arm is not shortened even towards this wicked generation. The name of Père Sanderau, that master in the direction of souls called to high paths, who contributes the Preface, gives every confidence in the reliability of the narrative.

A name better known and of an earlier generation, is that of Father **Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist** (Sands and Co.: price 1s. 6d. net), of whom Father Joseph Smith, of the same Congregation, gives us a short biography of such interest that it might well have been longer. This brilliant cavalryman and convert, nephew of "the Great Duke," a notable figure in the society of London and Dublin in the late forties, in later life the counterpart in Ireland of Father Ignatius Spencer in England, is a figure indeed arresting and heroic. His story should be better known.

WAR BOOKS.

A volume of great significance is M. Victor Bucaille's **Les Catholiques Italiens et la Guerre Européenne** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 60 centimes). As vice-president of the "Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française," as well as by reason of the ecclesiastical approbations he is able to quote, the author is able to handle a subject necessarily most delicate, with authority. We trust that he does not interpret the attitude of Catholics, whether in Germany or Italy, towards the Holy See, with complete comprehension in all points, for he implies a degree of disloyalty to Church rule which would be disquieting if verified. When one considers the matters that are raised—the relations of Catholics to their temporal sovereign, the "Roman question," and the like—and the important documents, Italian and French, that are reproduced in the appendices, it becomes manifest that no short notice can do justice to this little book. It must be read throughout by all concerned in the ecclesiastico-political issues raised by the war.

The heroic Bishop of Châlons is as indefatigable in his literary as in his pastoral activity, and his "Consignes de guerre," of which a second series reaches us, under the title of **Pour la Victorie** (Téqui: 3.50 francs), will stand out as amongst the most authoritative as well as intimate records of French life under war conditions. It contains some of the most striking utterances of the war, notably the addresses "Sur les ruines de Sermaize," "Les miracles de la guerre," and "Reine de France."

In his eloquent conference, **La Jeune Génération en Alsace-Lorraine** (Lethielleux: 50 centimes), the Abbé Wetterlé shows us that forty-four years under a foreign yoke have not availed to efface the French patri-

otism of the provinces conquered in 1870. His story of the young Alsatian of Colmar, who died with the words "Vive la France!" on his lips, is a vivid illustration of the spirit that will win the war and restore the integrity of French territory. The Preface of M. Welschinger and the eloquent allocution of M. Laugel, strongly reinforce the plea of the patriot-Abbé of Alsace.

An extremely useful, if unpleasing, publication is the translation which "Un Mobilisé" has just issued of Houston S. Chamberlain's **Catéchisme Pangermaniste à l'usage du Soldat Allemand** (Lethielleux: 50 centimes), with an introduction by "M.E.C." upon the personality and the activities of that philosopher *pour rire* and "Anglais renégat." This precious production is one of the things that must be seen to be believed. Were any self-revelation of the Prussian spirit capable of astonishing the English mind, this one might perhaps do so.

Luther, as we all know, plays a great part in the Pangermanist theory of Chamberlain, and his influence in this respect is estimated—together with that of Kant and Nietzsche—in a masterly little treatise by Abbé J. Paquier, **Le Protestantisme Allemand** (Bloud and Gay: price 1.50 fr.). The philosophical work of the learned vicaire (Paris) of the *Sainte-Trinité* is too well known to need our commendation, and his present book is one of the most useful of the publications of Mgr. Baudrillart's Committee.

Philosophy plays no small part also in the latest numbers of Messrs. Bloud and Gay's **Pages Actuelles** that reach us. The inclusion of M. Bergson's **La Signification de la Guerre** is a pleasing outcome of "l'union sacré"; his analysis of the intellectual life of Germany to-day is striking in the extreme. **Les Surboches**, by M. André Beaunier, is a more concrete and very vivid piece of work, whose title tells its own tale; we have read it with much enjoyment. **L'Esprit Philosophique de l'Allemagne et la Pensée Française**, by M. Victor Delbos, is interesting as taking us outside the ordinary current of pamphlets about German philosophy, and introducing some interesting comparisons with Descartes and Malebranche. The **Guerre et Philosophie** of M. Maurice de Wulf of Louvain, deals freshly with militarism, "false mysticism," "kultur," and the like, with some interesting excursions into history, illustrating "kultur" as it manifested itself at Milan, Verona and Palermo in the middle of the twelfth century.

We pass to topics more actual, if sadly akin, in the vivid pages issued "par un prêtre de la Société des Missions Etrangères," under the title of **Prisonnier des Allemands** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 1.50 fr.). The author passed ten months in captivity till released under the interchange arranged by the Holy Father, and saw much of the life of the French troops interned at Wetzlar, Mayence and Stralsund. His story, very graphically told, of their trials and their courage under them, forms a notable addition to our first-hand evidence of war-conditions.

POETRY.

We welcome with sincerest cordiality Miss Mary Segar's **Medieval Anthology** (Longmans: 2s. 6d.), which we sincerely wish to see, first of all, in the hands of every schoolboy or schoolgirl who is having anything to do with the learning of the history of the English; in the hands of their masters and mistresses; on the tables, yes, and on the prie-dieux of all who appreciate the exquisite literary charm, and the simple yet profound

spirituality, of our ancestors. The choice of pieces is excellent; the amount of modernization is, we should say, exactly right; the introductory essay shows a literary sense very rare indeed, of which expression is at once vigorous and refined, and denotes a considerable width of reading and power of comparison.

An ambitious task fulfilled with a fair measure of success—such is the judgment which a perusal of *Adelicia of Louvaine* (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net), by M. D. Huger, suggests to us. It is a long narrative poem, in blank verse, divided into five cantos and interspersed with lyrics, recording the career of the "Rose of Brabant," who became the second wife of Henry I. of England, and afterwards married d'Albini, the lord of Arundel. The versification, whether rhymed or blank, shows a practised hand, and the story, both narrative and dramatic, a consistently high level of poetic feeling.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The "Anthology in English and French, from the Philosophers and Poets," which the Poet Laureate "made in 1915," and has just issued with Messrs. Longmans at the moderate price, for so choice a work, of 5s. net, is to be accounted amongst the most beautiful of beautiful books. Its title, *The Spirit of Man*, hardly indicates its purpose and scope as a series of meditations intended to inculcate not the "humanistic" view of life, but "spirituality" as the very "basis and foundation" of man's being. So much we should expect from Mr. Bridges, an avowed and practising believer in the Christian religion, as Anglicans know and practise it. Yet to the Catholic reader all Mr. Bridges' 448 facets of beautiful thought and beautiful feeling would come to very little, could he not bring to his study of them the basis of Truth, the assurance of Faith, which alone can illuminate them. The book is avowedly compiled as the poet's message of hope and comfort "in the darkness and stress of the storm" that is upon us to-day.

From the consequent miseries, the insensate and interminable slaughter, the hate and filth, we can turn to seek comfort only in the quiet confidence of our souls.

To those who already have the secret of such confidence Mr. Bridges' anthology will prove a welcome gift; to those who have still to find it, we fear the book will prove—as it ought—but cold comfort.

Nor will the work quite satisfy the former class. Everything Mr. Bridges produces is, of course, of fine spirit, of delicate sensitiveness, and of constant intellectual suggestiveness. But he is always intensely personal, both as critic and as creative artist, and the anthologist should surely have some special measure of the universal spirit. For instance, he is the most English, in the exclusive sense, of English poets; yet even so, one was hardly prepared for the marked way in which Scotland and Ireland are ignored in a beautiful passage of his Preface. Again his temperament is antipathetic at almost every point to that of such a writer and thinker as Robert Browning; yet one would hardly have expected that such an Anthology should contain not one quotation from a poet whose large array of volumes is one long treatise on the "Spirit of Man," and to whom the soul was the one thing that mattered. A Catholic reviewer may well rejoice in some of Mr. Bridges' gleanings from fields little trodden—the little things he gives us from Father Gerard

Hopkins, Digby Dolben and Canon Dixon. But do even these quite compensate for a felt lack of that universal spirit that has distinguished the best anthologists? Still, we have to thank Mr. Bridges for a volume beautiful in itself and provocative of thought at every page.

In **The Great Return** (The Faith Press: 1s. net), Mr. Arthur Machen, who is widely known as the possible though unconscious originator of the "Angels of Mons" legend, tells a wonderful tale of supernatural happenings in a Welsh sea-coast village last year. He tells it well, with humour and dramatic force, but it leaves us sceptical. There was no *bureau de constatation* in Llantrisant, such as affords scientific sifting to the wondrous doings at Lourdes. And the Welsh are an emotional people, as we know.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The **Benedictine Almanac and Guide for 1916** (Ampleforth Abbey: 2d.), supplies a variety of interesting information about the Abbeys, Missions and Monks of the English congregation. There is a short history of each House and Church and account of the chief events concerning each during the year; the Benedictine Calendar, of course; statistics of the Congregation and Obituary Notices, and other useful items of knowledge, secular and ecclesiastical. We note that the Fathers have supplied no less than fifteen chaplains to the Army and five to the Navy, besides two who have died as hospital chaplains.

The Catholic Truth Society have issued in a neatly bound volume at 6d. net, **Vespers and Compline**, edited with an introduction by Dr. Adrian Fortescue, and at 1d. **Four Conferences** by Mgr. Benson, useful gleanings from the prolific harvest of that zealous priest.

The Dream of the Soldier Saint (Loyola University Press: Chicago), by L. H. Mullany, S.J., is a short but eloquent summary of the life of St. Ignatius up to the time of the foundation of the Society.

The S.P.C.K. have issued a series of penny booklets called **Notes on the Cathedrals**, giving the salient facts connected with each, and a number of well-executed illustrations. Those on two of the lesser-known, *Chelmsford* and *Liverpool*, the latter of course only in process of construction, have reached us.

We cannot unreservedly praise Dr. J. C. McWalter's pamphlet, entitled **Civics** (Ponsonby, Dublin), which he describes as "a study in applied ethics." He has the laudable intention of awakening a sense of municipal patriotism so that the citizen should recognize his obligations and be ready to fulfil them. But, although he has much which is clear and helpful to say, one fundamental omission weakens his whole argument. He omits to consider the divine purpose in establishing human society and the provision God has made in His Church for its well-being. Dr. McWalter takes the State as we find it—a State which is officially atheistic and which therefore has had to take on itself in many instances the functions of the Church. He does not recognize that in consequence, the whole modern condition of human Society is abnormal, and that those all-pervading State activities which he details are called for largely because religion is ignored in the ordering of the community. His remarks on the care that is taken to preserve life is a case in point. There he speaks (p. 10) of "Nature's plan" as if there were no Providence, and seems to argue that we should do better to allow the sickly

and the destitute to die. To say (p. 4) that "on a man's death his property naturally lapses into the hands of the State except in so far as the State chooses to recognize the claims of his children or kin," is not consistent with Catholic teaching, but is a specimen of the exaggeration of State authority which pervades the whole pamphlet.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

FROM THE AUTHOR.

Crusade of Prayer for the Conversion of India. By Fr. A. J. d'Souza. Pp. 76. Price, 2 annas.

AMPLEFORTH ABBEY, Yorkshire.

The Benedictine Almanac and Guide, 1916. Pp. 82. Price, 2d.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique. Fasc. xii. Juifs-Loi Divine. Price, 5.00 fr. *Patriotisme, Impérialisme, Militarisme.* By Lucien Roure. Pp. 48. Price, 50 cents. *Jeanne la Libératrice.* By Mgr. Baudrillart. Pp. 32. Price, 50 cents. *Le Destin de l'Empire Allemand et les Oracles prophétiques.* By Y. de la Brière. Pp. 187. Price, 2.50 fr.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

The Camp by Copper River. By H. S. Spalding, S.J. Pp. 192. Price, 85 cents.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.

Pages Actuelles. Nos. 4, 7, 18, 28, 40, 41, 46. Price, 0.60 fr. each. *Le Protestantisme Allemand.* By J. Paquier. Pp. 141. Price, 1.50 fr.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Vespers and Compline. Pp. 32. Price, 6d. net (bound). Penny Pamphlets.

HERDER, London.

A Study in Socialism. By Benedict Elder. Pp. xxiv. 328. Price, 4s. 6d. net. *Homilies on all the Sunday Gospels.* By Rev. G. Finco. Translated by Bishop E. M. Dunne. Pp. 276. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Les Catholiques Italiens et la Guerre Européenne. By Victor Bucaille. Pp. 62. Price, 0.50 fr. *La Jeune Generation en Alsace-Lorraine.* By Abbé Wetterlé. Pp. 48. Price,

0.50 fr. *La Prière pour la Patrie, La Prière Réparatrice, La Prière Adoratrice.* All by Canon J. Vaudon. Pp. about 150. Price, 1.50 fr. each. *Le Canon Romain de la Messe et la Critique moderne.* By A. Vigourel, S.S. Pp. 306. Price, 3.50 fr.

LONGMANS, London.

The Problem of Human Suffering and the War. By F. H. Dudden, D.D. Pp. 61. Price, 1s. net. *Adelicia of Louvaine.* By M. D. Huger. Pp. 96. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Fruits of the Life of Prayer.* By Rev. B. W. Maturin. Pp. 15. Price, 3d. net. *Life's Journey.* By H. H. Montgomery. Pp. ix. 150. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago.

The Dream of the Soldier Saint. By Leo H. Mullany, S.J. Paper. Pp. 63.

LONG, London.

Thermopylae and Other Poems. By P. F. Little. Pp. 227. Price, 5s. net.

PONSONBY, Dublin.

Civics. By J. C. McWalter, M.D. Pp. 39. Price, 6d.

TEQUI, Paris.

Le Sacré Cœur de Jésus. By Mgr. Gauthey. Pp. vii. 350. Price, 3.50 fr. *Pour la Victorie.* By Mgr. Tissier. Pp. 367. Price, 3.50 fr. *Progrès de l'Âme dans la Vie Spirituelle.* Translated from Fr. Faber's "Spiritual Progress" by M. F. de Bernhardt. New Edition. Pp. 501. Price, 3.50 fr.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.

Coronation Rites. By R. M. Woolley, B.D. Pp. xiv. 207. Price, 5s. net. *The Theory of Abstract Ethics.* By T. Whittaker. Pp. viii. 126. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

